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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME X — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1933 — NUMBER 16

Alice of Wonderland

CROWDED YEARS. By Alice Roosevelt Longworth. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by ELIZABETH PHELPS STOKES

MAYOR WALKER complained to a poet that the pattern of playboy bestowed by the public clung to him so tenaciously it held him down—so much so that he was not able to satisfy his higher interests. So here we have Alice and her pattern—that of the original flapper, the original world-circling débutante, and the only real iconoclast in Washington society, looking back and both disclaiming and defending the brilliant and dashing Alice of her well-known self.

She is almost deprecatory as she relates what she cares to tell of one of the most vivid and colorful personalities of potential biography. "I was a shy, uncomfortable child," she writes, but played "I was a fiery horse, preferably cream-colored, able at a bound to cover vast regions of the earth, and also able at will to turn into something quite different, such as a princess with very long hair, or an extremely martial prince." It pretty much came true. "But there are moments when I feel that a poem my mother has in her scrap book describes me with humiliating accuracy:

> The little green lizard on Solomon's wall. . . .
> Yet when the little green lizard was led to speak
> Of the king when the king was dead,
> He had only kept track of the flies on the wall,
> For he was but a lizard after all."

But her facts do not bear out her self-disparagement. One is convinced from the fascinating pursuit of this volume that there are many reminiscences still untold and more to write when the pen travels at a greater distance from the scene. The book stops at the threshold of the Harding administration. Much of life outside official politics and public relations which so enthralls the avid reader of biography is omitted. But undoubtedly because there are several volumes to be written of which this is the first, and a rare first, at that.

There are comparatively few persons of either sex who are born with a real flair for political life. "I was put up to" do thus and so, she writes, mentioning jobs of action and conciliation which would try any experienced politician or diplomat.

In her apparently was the deftness of her father for the moves of pawns and kings and queens, the same vehemence of conviction and antagonism, the same zest and inexhaustible energy for the chase.

The number of hours on end and days together she has sat in the Senate gallery watching the play and by-play on the floor with apparently as much interest as if the scene were the premiere is not noted, but the record undoubtedly would exceed that of many Senators themselves and gives life to the recital of the details of congressional and election doings.

> The next day in the Senate gallery I must have looked particularly cheerful, for Vice-President Marshall, who never lost his dry, drawling humor, sent up a note to me which said, "I beg you to restrain your impulse to applaud." . . . They were all really extraordinarily nice to me.

A wide-eyed, fiery, and brilliant mind with a knowledge of political life expertly tutored, attached to a lady who threw over the conventionalities of society for a pic-

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MAURICE HINDUS (SECOND FROM RIGHT) ON A COLLECTIVE FARM

Russia Fights for Peace

THE GREAT OFFENSIVE. By Maurice Hindus. New York: Harrison Smith & Robert Haas. 1933 $3.

Reviewed by CALVIN B. HOOVER

SOME three years ago a whole series of books about Russia came off the press inspired mainly by the novelty of the Five Year Plan which was just getting well under way. They recorded the initial successes of the great movement for the industrialization of Russia and for the collectivization of the agriculture of the country. On the heels of the successes which they chronicled, however, the Plan began to show distinct signs of breaking down as the food situation approached the status of famine. The almost feverish interest of the public in Soviet affairs rapidly waned as capitalist countries became preoccupied with their own miseries, and as the volatile hope for an easy solution of these miseries through imitation of Soviet planning expired in the face of the mounting difficulties in Russia. Naturally enough eagerness to investigate and to write of this less colorful period of Soviet development also declined. Mr. Hindus has done us a service by turning the searchlight upon it. His book fills a gap in the sources of information about Soviet Russia available to the general public.

Its title might as logically have been "The Check to the Great Offensive," as the one which the author has bestowed upon it. Mr. Hindus, however, insists that no matter how great the difficulties the Revolution is bound to go forward. His confidence, it must be admitted, has been largely vindicated by the excellent harvest of this year which has alleviated an extremely critical situation. Hindus, however, describes the tremendous enthusiasm and determination for the establishment of a new economic and social order which is responsible for the ability of the Soviet system to survive crises which would have wrecked other governments long ago. He believes also that the new order is so firmly fastened both on industry and agriculture that there is no possibility of a return to the old system in the event of the defeat of the Soviet government in a foreign war. There can be hardly any doubt that he is right.

Mr. Hindus does not attempt to tone down the fact of the severe deterioration in the standard of living which has taken place during the period of the first Five Year Plan. He describes also the misery and discontent of the peasantry due to the ruthless policy of grain collections which stripped the peasant granaries bare. Over against this black picture he presents statistics of the increases in industrial production during the same period. He concludes that the curve of consumption has gone steadily downward, while the curves of construction, culture, and psychology have gone upward. He states his belief that this is evidence that it is easier to reconstruct the human personality than to rebuild an economic order. Certainly it has been possible to put objective limitations upon the operation of the human instincts which were supposed to offer impassable barriers to the creation of a collectivist society. One may dispute, however, the contention of the author that the new man in Russia has set out to eradicate the acquisitive faculty from human personality. It is true that property as a source of monetary income has been rendered impossible of attainment by the individual and that this fact has been recognized by almost all Russians. Consequently the ambition to acquire property as distinct from consumption goods is no longer a factor which has to be taken into account.

As one reads a book by Hindus one is struck by the difficulty of writing about a country such as Russia and using the same terms as though one were writing of a bourgeois democratic country. Thus, if one asks a group of Russians their opinion about any subject such as family, sex, education, literature, art, or what-not, one is almost certain to get answers which are determined by the position which the Party holds at that moment toward the subject. Much the same is true in Germany under National Socialism, of course, and the similarity will become more manifest as the Party there gets around to an official stand on all possible subjects.

To some extent the difference between Germany and Russia on the one hand and a country like the United States on the other is no doubt one of degree. If Mr. Hindus were to ask American university students some of the questions which he

(*Continued on following page*)

A Tale of Three Cities

THREE CITIES. By Sholom Asch. Translated by Edwin and Willa Muir. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by PADRAIC COLUM

SHOLOM ASCH writes in Yiddish; his locale is Poland, and his people are mainly Polish Jews. Nevertheless, his "Three Cities" is in form and psychology a Russian novel. It has an inner likeness, not to any of the novels of Dostoievsky, or Tolstoy, or Gorki, but to a novel of Gogol's—"Three Cities," for all its descriptions of revolution, recalls "Dead Souls."

It is like "Dead Souls" in its apparently purposeless array of characters; in its contrast of the pretentiousness of people and classes with their actual conduct; in its episodes which reveal on a small scale the whole meaning of the history. The series of episodes in the Hotel Metropole in Moscow before the Bolsheviks obtain their final victory are in the spirit of Gogol. Here are assembled the intelligentsia, the high society, the big business of the old order; they are interned in the hotel—The Noah's Ark—while Whites and Reds fight for possession of the city; they try to carry on as usual, never doubting but that the Bolsheviks will be hunted [illegible] into their holes. In the marble hall [illegible]rst general meeting of the "New Russia Syndicate" is interrupted by the first shots of the civil war; the great advocate who had defended former revolutionaries arranges for a trial of the Bolsheviks; bread, flour, and meat give out and the guests have to support themselves on caviare and champagne while rumors about the goings-on of some of the pretty women cause tongues to wag and shoulders to turn. Then comes the portentous appearance of the servants amongst the guests—not the sleek servants they were used to having attend them—waiters, doormen, respectful chambermaids—but men and women up from the cellars of the great hotel, covered with dirt and with idiotic grins on their faces: after that come the secret dealings on the part of the guests with the still bribable servants—cov-

(*Continued on following page*)

This Week

AFTER SUCH PLEASURES
By DOROTHY PARKER
Reviewed by Ogden Nash

THE CRIMSON QUEEN
By DANIEL HENDERSON
Reviewed by Basil Davenport

THE LOG OF THE BETSY ANN
By FREDERICK WAY, JR.
Reviewed by Herschel Brickell

WORTH REMEMBERING
By RHYS JAMES
Reviewed by Jonathan Daniels

GENTLEMEN, I ADDRESS YOU PRIVATELY
By KAY BOYLE
Reviewed by Henry Seidel Canby

THE TWO FRANKLINS
By BERNARD FAY
Reviewed by Allan Nevins

THE FOLDER
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Next Week or Later

THE EDWARDIAN ERA
By ANDRÉ MAUROIS
Reviewed by Esmé Wingfield-Stratford

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Russia Fights for Peace

(*Continued from first page*)

asks Russian students, the answers would be conditioned by the pressure of social environment and the fear of non-conformity. But this is quite a different matter from the penalties which non-conformity in Russia or in Germany would entail. Consequently, if one says that the new man in Russia says or thinks so-and-so, it is essential to remember that the new man is indeed living in a new world in which the forces which determine what he says or even what he thinks are quite other than those of the western bourgeois democratic world. It would be unfair to imply that this observation applies particularly to Mr. Hindus. It applies to all writers in the field. It is possible, indeed, that the difficulty cannot be avoided, and all that one can do is to issue a general caveat.

A very interesting part of the book is that in which the author deals with the economists and geographers who have maintained that Russia is a land poor in natural resources, without the possibility of material expansion of the cultivated area and with a climate which dooms Russians to inertia and lassitude. Mr. Hindus maintains that Russia does have immense possibilities for the expansion of agricultural production and that recent surveys have vastly increased the known mineral reserves. He has presented a powerful argument against Huntington, Timoshenko, Eckblaw, and others who hold the contrary thesis. It is unfortunate that there are no means of testing the authenticity of the new geological surveys and that the variance in the data which one finds, as well as the doubts which have been cast upon the existence of some of the reserves, such as those of copper in the Balkash district, render our knowledge of the mineral resources of the Soviet Union so uncertain. All the more unfortunate, indeed, because the old surveys were inadequate and because there is little

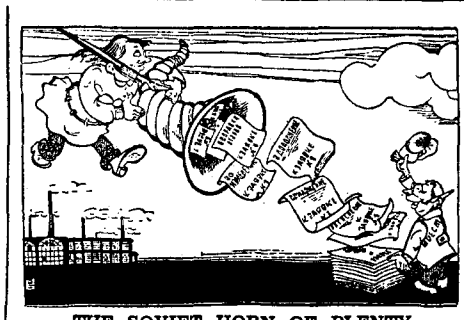
A SOVIET CARTOON: *The customer in a collective restaurant makes his will, leaving his long delayed dinner to his son. From* Pravda.

doubt that important discoveries have been made.

Mr. Hindus records the disappointment which has been experienced on account of the results obtained from the new methods in education which were introduced after the revolution, and the determination of the Communist Party that the standards of education shall be raised by the abandonment of some of the new experiments and the return to more orthodox methods. He also recounts the freeing of literature and the drama from the domination of *Rapp*, the Proletarian Writers' Society, and the restoration of some measure of freedom to writers. He is convinced that the ardor of the Bolsheviks for prosecuting the World Revolution has greatly waned. This has been brought about not only by events within Russia but also by the failure of Communism to make progress outside. He attributes this failure to the inability of Communism to offer anything to the great middle class.

This book maintains the standard of the earlier works on Russia which the author has written. Hardly anyone else has the intimacy of contact with the Russian scene of Mr. Hindus. The skill which he possesses in describing Russian life renders his book indispensable to those who wish to keep in close contact with developments in Soviet Russia.

Calvin B. Hoover is professor of economics at Duke University. From 1929-1930 *he was social science research fellow for study of the U. S. S. R. He is the author of "The Economic Life of Soviet Russia."*



THE SOVIET HORN OF PLENTY DISTRIBUTES CIRCULARS: *A Soviet cartoon.*

A Tale of Three Cities

(*Continued from first page*)

enants about caps and aprons that will help them to pass themselves off as scullions when the Bolsheviks take over the Metropole.

Such episodes sum up with contrast and irony the course of the revolution and they are of the kind that the author of "Dead Souls" would invent. Another episode which has the same kind of insight and imaginative logic is in the chapter entitled "Porcelain Figures." The great advocate Halperin and the great business man Gabriel Mirkin, having escaped from the Hotel Metropole, are living in Halperin's huge house in Moscow. Dozens of proletarian families have been given quarters in it. The days are cold; there is no coal nor wood to be had; the advocate has to reconcile himself to seeing his legal tomes go into the stove with scripts of his celebrated pleas for the revolutionists of the day before yesterday. Left without opportunity for making any of his celebrated gestures he comes to appreciate the Dresden and Vienna pieces which had been collected for his wife by a lapdog admirer of hers. All his happiness is now in the delicacy and grace of the little figures which he had despised and neglected, and he realizes as he looks on them—

> His career and his fame had so occupied him that he had had no time left either for himself or for loving his wife or with their hopes fixed on the coming of Biblical righteousness amongst men or else in the coming of the social revolution. The Russian revolution is what most of them pray for and work for.
>
> Racial patterns can be discovered in this manifold record; again and again we perceive in the crowds of people and the concourse of events episodes and characters that recall Biblical passages—the Flight out of Egypt, the Fall of Jericho, the appearance of the Patriarchs, the Dispersal, and underneath all this the attempt to find a way of bringing man's will into harmony with the will of God. Sholom Asch's articulate people have departed from the speech of their fathers and so they talk of finding some way of uniting themselves with a will higher than the personal one. "Those who refuse to acknowledge its power lose themselves in the abyss of their own darkness, devoured by the shadows that lie in wait within themselves."
>
> We stand with Zachary Mirkin in the vast square before the Czar's palace, and we recognize that the mysterious old Jew who has gone with him is a prophet and that he is there to prophesy against Babylon:
>
> And all at once, stretching his great hands towards the flickering beam in the Winter Palace, the Jew began to pray in a loud resolute voice; the words did not seem to come from his throat, but from an enormous depth: "Pour forth Thy wrath on the peoples that do not know Thee, on the tribes that blaspheme Thy name. Destroy the house, so that not one stone remains on another, as Thou didst with Assur and Babylon!" "What are you saying?" asked Mirkin in terror, seizing the Jew by the arm. "My prayers to God," replied the Jew, disappearing into the darkness.

Zachary Mirkin lives to turn machine guns in the direction of the eagles that have symbolized the age-long oppression of his people—the eagles upon the Kremlin:

> He tried to find an explanation for his course, for what he was doing now; he sought to understand why he was lying there on the theatre roof in the city of the Czars. And he replied to his doubts with an answer that was at the same time a justification. "It is the *last* battle before the *last* victory. And we Jews can only be redeemed by the last victory. For we are the last of all.

The most affecting portion of the book is the episode in which the industrial magnate, Gabriel Mirkin, fallen into poverty and homelessness, looks after the stricken Zachary, the son whom he had struck and disowned. We know Gabriel for one of the Patriarchs; like Jacob he has been unscrupulous, but he is a father with all the depth of his being. He could lament for his son as David lamented.

> His wife and her child he left to their own fate. For here, under these blankets that rose and fell with the sick man's laboured breathing, lay everything he now valued. And through his love for his son, which had awakened so suddenly within him, old Mirkin found himself again. As if a blessing had descended upon him he felt himself uplifted by his love, cleansed and restored to peace.

> "But, comrade, what is a man? A sausage-skin that can be stuffed with anything. The essential point is, whom does the man serve? The man himself is nothing—yesterday he was one thing, today he's another. The main question is simply, whom does he serve."
>
> "No, a man isn't just a sausage-skin! A man represents an absolute value in himself. He is sacred, he is an end to himself!" cried Mirkin.
> "What? Are you an anarchist?"

He refuses a commission that the Bolsheviks offer him and is denounced as a coward by a girl comrade who had made him a follower of hers. He goes back to Warsaw and to the woman whom he had wanted to marry and who was waiting for him there, and takes up the work that is to his hand. Sholom Asch's hero turns out to be a Candide who finds a meaning for his life in cultivating his garden.

The material that is most obviously exciting belongs to the third section of "Three Cities"—Moscow in revolution. But these events have greater impact because of what we witnessed in the first part. In "Petersburg" we see a world that is filled with injustice. There are in the throngs that come to the Jewish advocate's house people who have been driven out of their towns by the spite of some official, women who are striving to save sons from death or exile and who have to live in hiding while they are doing it because they have no license to stay in the capital, and with them the great official who is striving to cover up his grafting. Here we meet the rich and influential Jews—the lawyer, the great merchant, the industrial magnate, with their families who have kept nothing of their racial or religious inheritance: Halperin who has striven for social justice has a daughter who belongs to a set that leads in social extravagance. Between "Petersburg" and "Moscow" is "Warsaw," the purely Jewish section of the trilogy where we encounter Jews of all shades of belief—the fervently orthodox, the ones whose only belief is in the coming social revolution, the ones whose hopes are centered in Polish liberation. This book reveals many of the sources of the history of the Eastern Europe of our time. To my mind the most significant revelation is that of the mass and pressure of this unfranchised, poverty-stricken, but homogenous and active-

to the translators who have turned the German version into such flowing and clear English. Edwin and Willa Muir have done as notable a service in making this translation as they did in the translation of that far-reaching but curiously neglected novel which was published a year or so ago—Hermann Broch's "The Sleepwalkers."

The well-known German historian Hermann Oncken, has just published a two-volume work: "The German Reich and the History of the Pre-War Years." Written in "the universal, objective spirit of that great German historian, Leopold van Ranke," the book can yet bring from a *Tageblatt* critic the statement that the work is "the authoritative description of the prelude to the Great War from the German side." The author ranges through all the important and unimportant social-political events of the nineteenth century which eventually led to August, 1914.

Old Timbers

By MARIE GILCHRIST

I HAVE been hearing sounds we do not hear often;
Next door they are tearing down a very old house.
All morning a man has been fighting the largest timbers,
Prying them loose from the wooden pins, the square tenons.
They snarl, they groan, they snap back at his wedge,
They creak and split, showing the clean pale heart
Seasoned and sound for another fifty years,
Toughly disputing at being thrust from their places,
Stubborn at their tasks.
The iron wins.
And wrenched and torn and wrestled with, they give
And go hurtling to the ground like men in armor.
Clapboard, lath and plaster, chimney-brick—
These yielded at a touch, they were old and rotten,
But the timbers held, morticed in accurate angles,
Trued to measure and plan by level and plumb-line,
Locked for security and stiff reliance,
They fought for their places, they broke, before they budged.

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The Pleasure Is Ours

AFTER SUCH PLEASURES. By Dorothy Parker. New York: The Viking Press. 1933. $2.25.

Reviewed by OGDEN NASH

THIS reviewer feels a good deal of trepidation on being confronted with the task of announcing to the world that the new Dorothy Parker book is a good book. To say that Mrs. Parker writes well is as fatuous, I am afraid, as proclaiming that Cellini was clever with his hands. But it's fun to see the lamented English language rise from the Parisian boneyard and race out front with the right jockey in the saddle, and I cannot help attempting to communicate to others my pleasure in the performance.

Mrs. Parker has an eye for people, an ear for language, and a feeling for the little things of life that are so immense a part of the process of living. And, though you may scream with laughter at many passages in "After Such Pleasures," she is not a humorist. Possibly she was once; but she has since achieved a clairvoyance permitted to few humorists. The sense of humor is simply the sense of proportion. The humorist sees that the stuffed shirt, the social climber, the lion hunter, and all the other dummies of his trade are out of proportion and therefore ludicrous. Mrs. Parker's eye penetrates more deeply. Her people are not funny to her, for their monstrousnesses are the monstrousnesses of life itself, lurking beneath every unturned leaf of the calendar. The humorist allows his reader the comfort of remarking placidly to himself "There but for the grace of God go I." The conscientious reader of this book is more likely to exclaim, "My God, perhaps that's me!"

One of the many reasons for my strong suspicion that Mrs. Parker is truly great is that she still seems great even after the particularly irritating form of flattery to which she has been subjected. In "After Such Pleasures" your ear will have no trouble in detecting, clear and true, over the roar of the presses as they somersault to fill the markets with this year's crop of literary peaches filched from the Parker orchard, the authentic note. The trick about her writing is the trick about Ring Lardner's writing or Ernest Hemingway's writing. It isn't a trick. Do not believe that she is dancing with tears in her eyes; on the contrary, she is contemplating her partner and muttering, as she does on page 98, "I haven't any idea what his name is. Jukes, would be my guess from the look in his eyes. How do you do, Mr. Jukes? And how is that dear little brother of yours, with the two heads?" Her heart is not on her sleeve, or in the Highlands, or Mayfair, or the Ozark dialect country; it is right where it belongs, swapping punch for punch with her head.

Among the eleven stories here you will find two about marriage that should scare you to death. "Too Bad" is a faithful account of an evening with a husband and wife who after seven years together can't find anything to say to each other. One passage is, I think, a worthy companion to the great Awful Moments in fiction; I cannot remember being so embarrassed by anything since Alice Adams's dinner party.

> She wondered how Ernest could get so much enjoyment out of a newspaper. He could occupy himself with one for almost an hour, and then pick up another and go all through the same news with unabated interest. She wished that she could. She wished, even more than that, that she could think of something to say. She glanced around the room for inspiration. "See my pretty daffy-downdillies?" she said, finding it. To anyone else, she would have referred to them as daffodils.

Then there is "Glory in the Daytime," the story of little Mrs. Murdock, who had always wanted to meet an actress and one day got invited by an artistic friend of hers to drop up and meet Lily Wynton, the most glamorous actress of them all. Mr. Murdock's only comment on the invitation was "Drop up? How can you drop *up*, for God's sake?" When Mrs. Murdock did drop up the artistic friend greeted her: "Come in, come in, tiny one. Bless its little heart. Take off its little coat. Good Lord, you look easily eleven years old in that dress. Sit ye doon, here beside of me. There'll be a spot of tea in a jiff." And Lily Wynton arrived and talked about her acidity, and eventually little Mrs. Murdock went home rather anxious to make up with her solid, stolid, unglamorous husband. "Did what's-her-name drop up?" he said. Mrs. Murdock's shoulders sagged. "Yes," she said. "Yes, she was there, Jim." "I suppose you're going on the stage now," he said. "Ah, Jim," Mrs. Murdock said. "Ah, Jim, please. I'm not sorry at all I went to Hallie Noyes's today. It was—it was a real experience to meet Lily Wynton. Something I'll remember all my life." "What did she do?" Mr. Murdock said. "Hang by her feet?"

I should like to tell you something of the other stories in the book, but instead I shall simply urge you to get them and read them. I console myself for my self-restraint with the reflection that good wine needs no Alice B. Toklas.

Bloody Mary

THE CRIMSON QUEEN. By Daniel Henderson. New York: Duffield & Green. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

QUEEN MARY I of England has suffered more almost than any one else from the human tendency, so beautifully illustrated in "1066 and All That," to regard as "memorable" only the facts that we happen to remember from our early schooldays. Miss Eleanor Farjeon, in one of her delightful rhymes, says that the only thing anybody knows about Queen Anne is that she is dead; but even worse than that, the only thing that most people know about Queen Mary is that she was Bloody—a word which, in England at any rate, is both grim and ludicrous. With the revival of interest in the Tudor period which is showing itself in so many recent biographies, novels, and plays, it was time that some one should present a true picture of the first English queen-regnant; and this task Mr. Henderson has performed very well.

This biography is in no sense a "whitewashing"; it is merely a sympathetic recital of the facts of her life, which almost make us pardon, and certainly make us pity her. For it is the saddest part of Mary's story that she was indeed brought by circumstances to become oppressive and cruel, though she was by nature tolerant and tenderhearted. Although she was profoundly attached to Roman Catholicism as the religion of her unhappy mother, Catherine of Aragon, whose undeserved disgrace Mary shared; and although she was inevitably committed to Romanism, as her half-sister Elizabeth was to Protestantism, because each of them was declared illegitimate by one of the two religions; still, in all the conspiracies and attempted usurpations at the beginning of her reign, she showed herself merciful almost to imprudence. In the instance of Lady Jane Grey she at last after much persuasion allowed herself to be overborne by her councillors, and by the envoys of the Spanish marriage which was to claim so many English victims; but though in her resistance to Wyatt's rebellion she shamed her soldiers, and showed that she had all the Tudor spirit, she did not show any of the Tudor ruthlessness. It was only after her pitiful old-maid marriage with a man much younger than herself, whom she had the misfortune to adore, and only after the tragi-comedy of her supposed but false pregnancy, when the Papal emissaries told them that her failure to hold her husband with an heir showed God's anger at her protection of heresy, that she was turned into an almost neurotically cruel persecutor. Her last sorrow was, of course, that after so many other sacrifices to her husband, Philip of Spain, she involved England in Continental wars on his account, and died knowing that she had lost Calais and had not held Philip.

Mr. Henderson has told the story straightforwardly, vividly, and clearly. This is the sort of biography which it is real praise to call popular, if the word is properly understood.

Steamboat Days

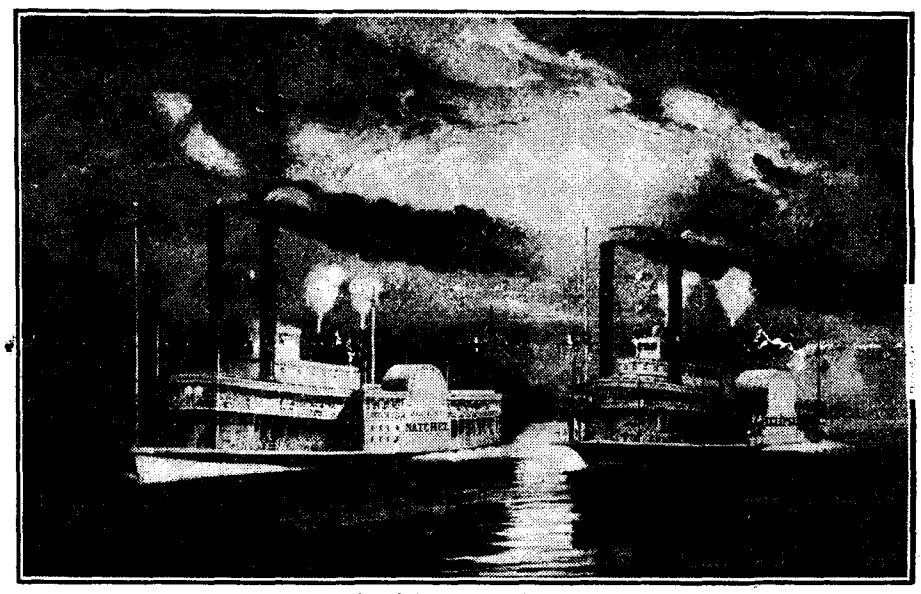
THE LOG OF THE BETSY ANN. By Frederick Way, Jr. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. 1933. $2.75

STEAMBOAT ROUND THE BEND. By Ben Lucien Burman. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by HERSCHEL BRICKELL

HERE are two quite different books about American rivers, the craft that ply their peculiar waters, and the people who inhabit the craft. They are brought together only by their common subject matter, for one is a factual account of the revival of a famous old sternwheeler by a young man who grew up loving steamboats, while the other is a romantic and sentimental novel, filled with quaintly lovable characters whose relation to life is very remote at best.

This summary narrows and at the same time deepens the appeal of Mr. Way's chapter from the biography of a river steamer, whose career began before he was born, and whose prow is probably still parting the muddy waters of the lower Mississippi where she first began her work for man. His book is primarily for those Americans who still have buried in their subconscious minds the exact sound of the whistle on their favorite steamboat, brought over from the later days of river craft that represented a living link with the great days of inland water traffic, one of the richest periods in the history of this country and one of the most typically American.



A MIDNIGHT RACE ON THE MISSISSIPPI
A Currier and Ives lithograph, 1860

Mr. Way's *Betsy Ann* made her way onto the front pages of the newspapers only a few years ago when she ran several races on the Ohio river with rival steamboats of the Greene line. Actually the races did not amount to much, but they were sufficiently exciting to recall that famous lithograph of the contest between the *Rob't. E. Lee*—Mr. Way explains that this is the way the name was written on her paddleboxes — and the *Natchez,* a picture that once adorned the waiting rooms of every well-kept livery stable in the southern part of the United States, and the walls of a good many homes as well.

But the races came almost at the end of the brief revival of the *Betsy Ann.* They bulk small in Mr. Way's exciting narrative by the side of the story of how he persuaded his hard-headed business man of a father to buy him the old packet, which was built in 1899, and which was therefore by two years the senior of her young master, when he took her over, and to turn her over to him to see if he could make her pay in the freight and passenger business on the Ohio river, primarily on the Pittsburgh-Cincinnati run. The first voyage was made with the river hard frozen, and afterward nature was not always on the side of the gallant owner in his struggle for existence. There were innumerable other complications, blown cylinder heads, hulls that had to be repaired; sudden and unexpected competition from the renowned *Kate Adams* of Memphis, a great sidewheeler driven into the Ohio by dearth of business on the Mississippi, where she belonged.

Mr. Way and *Betsy Ann* met their difficulties with courage and good humor, the old boat, fully alive in these pages, proving her mettle as often as her young and enthusiastic owner demonstrated his business ingenuity. The experiment came to an end with the *Betsy Ann* sold, as Mr. Way puts it, down the river; she went back into the lower Mississippi trade, which she first knew as a young steamboat, at a time when there was a rate war on over cotton, and remained there when the momentary flurry in steamboating had died down. Altogether, the book covers a period of almost seven years, or from December 23, 1925, until April 24, 1932. It is an excellent piece of Americana, and a fine addition to the small shelf full of books published in the last ten years that deal with steamboats and steamboatmen.

Mr. Burman's fondness for the lower Mississippi and its tributaries was manifested in his novel, "Mississippi," which was about shanty boat folk and steamboatmen, and the bad blood between the two sets of river people. His new novel is of a piece with its predecessor, a book written with tenderness, and with a genuine appreciation of the setting of the story, river and bayou in calm and storm, and with an evident knowledge of the background. It is, however, too sweet a book to please those who know their rivers and the people who live on and near them; its wider audience will be among readers who like to make a pleasant journey into never-never land where all the people are all right, except for an occasional solid-black villain, and where every romance, no matter how far-fetched, ends at an altar with a long life of unflecked happiness stretching away into the distance.

It tells the tale of Doctor Jim, who lives in a shantyboat from which he dispenses Little Flower remedies, Indian medicine that is good for everything. Doctor Jim is in love with a dainty china-painting lady, and they are having an idyllic evening in the cabin of the shantyboat with the Doctor's pet rooster, Judge, as chaperon, when the Doctor's nephew breaks in, accompanied by a swamp girl who has run away from her father with him. He is fleeing the law, having killed a man who thoroughly deserved to be killed. The Doctor persuades him, after some difficulty, to give himself up and the rest of the book is an account of the old man's efforts to save the boy from the gallows.

To the telling of this whimsical yarn, an important part of which is Doctor Jim's adventure with an old steamboat, the *Bayou Queen,* with which he has even worse luck than followed Captain Way and the *Betsy Ann,* Mr. Burman brings a style of charm and grace, which goes part of the way to make up for the excessive sentimentality of his people, who are too consistently quaint ever to have lived a moment outside the pages of a novel.

* *

Herschel Brickell is himself a native of Mississippi.

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The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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The Libraries' Lost Years

There is no institution so uniquely American as the public library. Nowhere else in the world has it been agreed and carried out in practice that books should be made easily accessible to every one. Nowhere else is the public library a vital organ of every village and town. Nowhere else has it been taken for granted that the opportunity to read is a public utility. And there is no class anywhere so devoted to their job, so really serviceable to the community, so respected, and so underpaid as the American librarians.

We know well the tragic plight of the public libraries. There is no N.R.A. for them. They must wait upon the slow return of solvency, and in the meantime suffer first in every cut of budget. Their political power would be great if they could mobilize the millions that depend upon them for mental and spiritual nourishment, but politicians are not readers, and heavy tax payers are not usually to be found around library tables. The price of rare books holds up, but payments for the books that everyone needs are cut, and cut precisely because it is the helpless many and not the powerful few who depend upon them.

We may hope that the growing concern of government for the welfare of the community at large may reach the library eventually and put a stop to slashing at the intellectual capital of the future. The libraries may see better times with the schools, which have suffered from the same short-sighted economy. But assuming the best, and it takes optimism to assume it, the scars will remain.

Only the strongest and most fortunate libraries have been able in these lean years to buy the books which are indispensable if our own times are to be made accessible in print to the whole community. Even if one year, or two years, or three years from now, librarians are again made able to purchase the new books they regard as necessities, there will be a gap for the early 1930s which no probable increase in income will enable them to fill. Granted that many of these unbought books were of only current value, much needed at the time of publication but out of date, dead, or proved of little value, nevertheless many others were either the best of their kind and needed for the future, or records of that epoch without which the picture of the past will be incomplete. Reference sets of the greatest value, like the Mythology of all Races, or the new edition just announced of the New English Dictionary, simply cannot now be bought by too many libraries that need them. Biographies, histories, novels that mirror the age, poems, have been reluctantly passed over because there were no funds to pay for them. And when better times come, if they come, there will be no money to spare from the current demand to go back and make the years in which we live now a living age in the libraries.

There is no N.R.A. to help in this situation, but there might be an R.F.C. founded by private initiative. There is a mass of frozen assets in books in private hands which might be used to help the libraries out of a dilemma not of their own making. Don't sell your good books bought in the parsimonious years. Don't let them rust on your shelves unread or unreread. Unless they have become an indispensable part of your own library, pass them on to the public. It is no time for book hoarding. There is not a shelf in a well-kept private library which does not contain a volume or two of recent publication from which the juice has been sucked by the owner, and which the local library has been unable, and will in the future be unable, to buy. For with books it is sometimes possible to eat your loaf and still have it to give away. And if the American Library Association would draw up a list of the indispensable books of 1930-1933 for small and middle-sized and great libraries, which they know to have been passed over out of necessity by the majority of their members, we for one would be glad to give it publicity, and expect results.

Floating the New Deal

Today, the "independent national weekly" sponsored by Vincent Astor and edited by Raymond Moley, comes to the newsstands with a flavor of "I'm feeling my way." Thus it links itself very patly to the Roosevelt program and the philosophy of the New Deal. Some of the articles ("Chiselers in Action," by William Hard, and "Labor Peace or War," by Lincoln Colcord) sound like the old *Nation* or the old *New Republic*—liberalism without benefit of Moscow. Art Young contributes a cartoon which is neither his best nor his worst. General Hugh S. Johnson explains NRA, but inasmuch as his function for some three months has been just this, many newspaper readers won't hesitate long before dropping this hot coal brought to Newcastle. Raymond Moley takes a crack at those who see Roosevelt followed by a dictator; would to heaven that he were more convincing! As it is, he cannot penetrate the opaque veil which fears of inflation throw over the future. The most solid contributions—solid because their authors are not committed to anything beyond using their eyes and ears intelligently—are those by Thomas Beer and Benjamin Stolberg. Mr. Beer interviews the shade of Mark Hanna. But it is Mr. Beer talking, and talking excellently. Mr. Stolberg plays Sancho Panza to those who see in John Hay a great man.

The upshot of it all is that *Today* is just another magazine, mixing some good with some bad, but not sufficiently "independent." It is committed to a political program, which does not make for good thinking. The best way for writers and intellectuals in general to serve the New Deal is to be thoroughly critical of its every step. Let the politicians and the sloganeers whip up enthusiasm, and let the writing men remain from Missouri; that is a fair division of labor.

The Saturday Review recommends

This Group of Current Books:

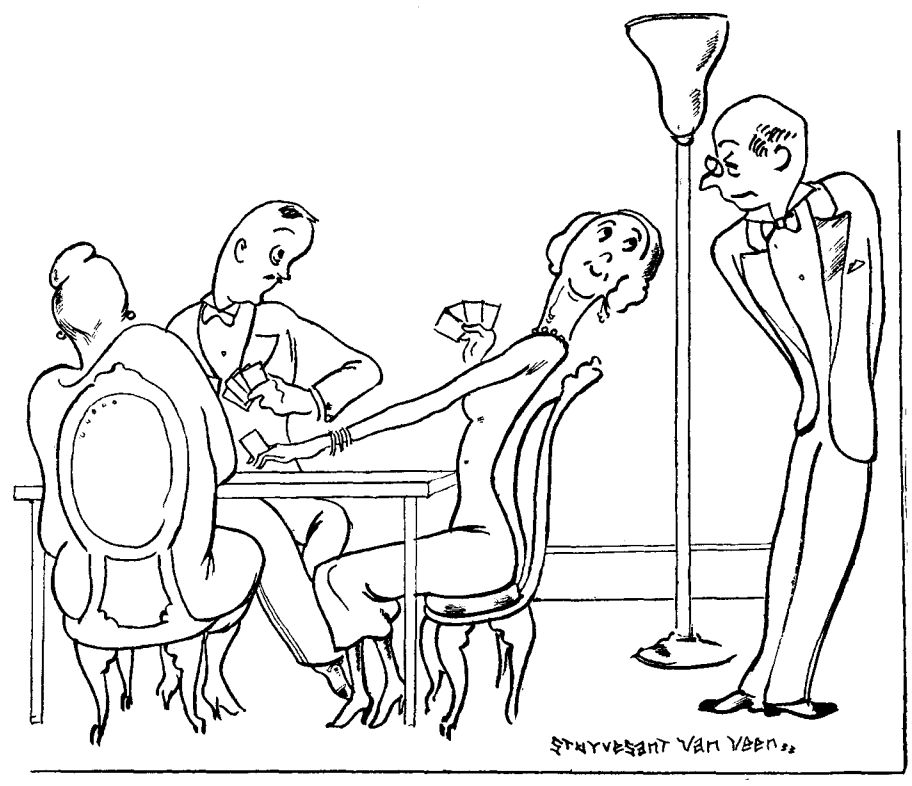
THE JOURNEY OF THE FLAME. By ANTONIO DE FIERRO BLANCO. *Houghton Mifflin.* A lively biography which is also a portrayal of the California of the early nineteenth century.

THE GREAT OFFENSIVE. By MAURICE HINDUS. *Smith & Haas.* Russia at the completion of the Five Year Plan.

THE DRAGON MURDER CASE. By S. S. VAN DINE. *Scribners.* A well-sustained mystery yarn.

This Less Recent Book:

YEARS OF PEACE. By LEROY MACLEOD. *Appleton-Century.* A story of farm life.



"THAT'S THE TROUBLE—I'VE BEEN READING SO MANY BRIDGE BOOKS I'VE FORGOTTEN HOW TO PLAY."

To the Editor: *What a Proofreader Thinks About*

Worth Knowing

Sir: Christopher Morley, in a recent *Bowling Green,* threw out stimuli that would be certain to bring forth reactions if they got in the way of a proofreader. And so, about "Worth Remembering" by Rhys James (Vail-Ballou Press via Longmans, Green), the final reader wishes to say:

The dialect of "Worth Remembering" is responsible for most of its charm. It is charming because it is alive. "It is big as life an twice as natchel," to use an expression from the book itself. It is a lively book about lively people—about children whose motto is, "Man kin die but oncet!" —and it needed a lively medium. A short glossary illustrates:

"Bofe feet up an toenails draggin—In a hurry
"Play marbles on his coattails"—To trifle with a person
"Ef that don't take the rag off the bush an hang it on the tree!"—Of all things!
"Tail over the dashboard"—Upset mental state

Each one is chock full of action and delightful ridiculousness. Each one demands momentary analysis—such naive logic can't be passed up—and he who runs may not read, but the last shall be first.

The final reader is making these statements, the person whose weather eye had to watch out for the most minute typographical details, who had to trace the variations of dialect through four hundred odd pages of type. Yet none of this pedantic fussing could take the edge off Rhys James's diction. That from a proofreader!

Yet how lucky you are, you who can sink into your easy chair and turn the pages of the finished book, accountable for nary an apostrophe! J. C.

Binghamton, N. Y.

Peddle Your Own Canot

Sir: Perhaps you will forgive one of your readers for taking the liberty of pointing out various aspects of the question raised in your leading editorial of October 21. This has to do with the responsibility of the novelist to the historian, or, as you phrased it, "The Rights of the Romancer."

The question is, of course, a very delicate one, and you are to be commended upon the manner in which it was handled. But you leave the reader with the idea that Mr. Allen was justified in using Mr. Canot's material in the manner in which he did.

To plagiarize, Webster's Collegiate Dictionary declares, is "to steal or purloin and use as one's own (the ideas, words, etc., of another)." Acknowledgment of indebtedness is considered in all places as a mark of literary honesty. To suppose the modern reader capable of knowing at a glance from what sources a certain passage came is flattering, but at the same time, lazy. Some provision should be made for the less well-read reader.

It would not do, of course, to have such minute footnotes interspersed as those which Kingsley used in "Hereward the Wake," or those of Bulwer-Lytton in "Harold." Yet the over-scornfulness of these authors is much less disconcerting than the news in the Smith letter.

Your analogy of this case with the Woolsey decision is false, for in this instance there is no discrepancy in the purpose of the two writers. Both Allan and Canot sought to revivify the slave trade, both succeeded, but one at the expense of the other.

Your parallel of Allen's case to that of Shakespeare and North seems to show that the indefatigable George Frisbee's expenditures of time, wit, and money are bearing fruit. It is not amiss to point out that North's "Plutarch" was much better known to the Elizabethan reading public than Canot's "Memoirs" to modern readers; furthermore, it is well known that the Elizabethans and Jacobeans did not have such stringent views on this matter as do we of a later age.

ROBERT F. METZDORF.

Rochester, N. Y.

Mr. Gavit's Review

Sir: May I extend to you and through you to Mr. John Palmer Gavit, my congratulations on the review of "With My Own Eyes," which appeared in *The Saturday Review of Literature* for October 14th? It seems to me to represent the art of literary criticism in its most accomplished form. It is not only a most acute analysis and a most sympathetic appreciation but it is itself written with a fine mastery of English style, an intelligence that shows itself in every sentence.

It has given me a genuine thrill to read this review. We are proud that it is written about one of our publications. We are happy to have a tribute paid in such just and notable fashion to Colonel Palmer, to whom we are all devoted. And we feel that here is a definite and conclusive refutation of the notion that the art of criticism has declined.

D. L. CHAMBERS.

Indianapolis, Ind.

Peggy Shippen Arnold

Sir: I should appreciate it if you would publish the following paragraph.

The utilization of the material in the copyrighted articles of E. Irvine Haines, acknowledged biographer of Peggy Shippen, by John Hyde Preston, author of "Revolution 1776," without crediting Mr. Haines, or the *New York Times Magazine* in which Mr. Haines's articles appeared, has resulted in the following foot-note on Page 337, Chapter 24, of the second edition of that book:

> For the revelation of the part Peggy Shippen Arnold played in General Arnold's treason, which is here repeated, the author acknowledges indebtedness to E. Irvine Haines and his copyrighted writings on Peggy Shippen, notably in the *New York Times Magazine,* January 31, 1932."

E. IRVINE HAINES.

New York, N. Y.

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Readventuring Into Childhood

WORTH REMEMBERING. By Rhys James. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

"YOU'RE a fool and that ain't half yo failins" if you believe that the Southern Mammy was the sentimentalized figure of the Southern story books. Such a creature would have given Bud, Biddy, and Bunnypie the "oops." She was, as Rhys James has at last in true terms drawn her, a more often wrathful than sentimental personage with a hand soft enough but with the voice of loud and righteous indignation. She threatened the gallows, sudden death, and eternal damnation to charges who, more often than not, justified her complaint that if other people knew them as well as she did they would pass them by "like Christ passed Cicero."

But however and at whatever distasteful speed Christ may have passed Cicero by, no reader and particularly no Southern reader, with memories of his own childhood under Negro nursing, will be able to pass by Bud, Bunnypie, Biddy, and their Mammy without lingering in the richest sort of literary enjoyment. Mr. James has made not only a book but a gateway for return to readventuring into one's own lost childhood. At least it was so for me.

It is because he writes as a man remembering the hilarities of such a Southern childhood and not as an adult pointing its absurdities that his book is entitled to immediate place not only as one of the American classics of childhood but also as a real contribution to American comedy. His Mammy is as real as the earth and as vivid as memory. His Bud, Biddy, and Bunnypie (short for Bonaparte) are never mere book children but human beings and human beings as savage as healthy childhood is, unmoral, imaginative, and possessed of the colorful language of ancient Negro superstition and fatalism, plus the instinctive arrogance of their own blood.

Wisely Mr. James has written his book with no effort at dramatic advance or continuous story and no searching for unusual situations. He presents his conventional family: the Colonel, a widower and an absent-minded writer, his five children, and the Mammy who keeps his house intact and his children relatively so. Banty is superciliously old; Babe is ineffectually

DRAWING BY JOHN GINCANO
From "Worth Remembering"

young. Adventure and comely come at the hands of Bunnypie and Bud, the boys, and their sister Biddy, who is hopelessly determined never to be a "damgal." Caught between her own sexual inferiority and Mammy's insistence that she set the example for her "po little motherless brothers," Biddy is the scapegoat and central figure of Mr. James's story. Only she suffers in the ultimate exasperation of the Colonel which results in the dispersal of the three to schools. No punishment for Bud and Bunnypie, for Biddy this means the shame of starches and ribbons and segregation with a lot of "damgals." When, contemplating her feminine fate, she asks Mammy when they will go, Mammy tells her in terms which give the full quality of the book:

> Jest as soon as yo pa kin suade the folks to take you. It ain't gonna be no chile's play, gittin you in, not with the rep y'all done made for yosefs all over A-rup, Yew-rup, an Stir-rup. But bein's it's him, an he's willin to pay big money —There's another gret expense he'll have to work his eyes out for. But he says he's willin, ef it takes the lass button off Gabel's coat. Not that it'll do no good. Yo wickedness is proned into you an nothin this side o' Jedgmen's gonna git it outer you. But oncet y'all gone, Me'n him kin lay down us-es werry loads, fer awhile innyhow, whilst some other po soul wrassles an tussles with y'all.

But Biddy listened no longer. She went out and climbed the highest tree where she took slim consolation for her fate in the fact that at least in the future she would be relieved of the impossible and unwelcome duty of attempting to make Bud keep on his drawers.

* *

Jonathan Daniels is editor of the Raleigh News and Observer.

Alice of Wonderland

(*Continued from first page*)

nicking gaiety in her friendships—this extraordinary combination made headway with thorough but slow-going politicians. "At one of the first dinner parties at the White House, I sat between Uncle Joe Cannon and General Grosvenor and was told off to extract from them a hardwood floor for the east room." . . . "That afternoon Brandegee telephoned, and he and Medill came to take me for a drive to discuss the speech—in other words, to blow up about it—and to talk over what they intended to do at the dinner Mr. Lodge was giving two days later for the Republican members of the Foreign Relations Committee." Again, "Mr. Lodge got me to write him a letter, reiterating Father's opposition to the League, which he wished to have to show to Senator Chamberlain."

Of Harding, "I was put up to tell him how ill-advised many of his supporters felt it would be if he should give Harry Daugherty a Cabinet position." If she had followed the conventional life of officialdom, Alice-for-short would have had little time for this back-stage work, the predilection for which may have been motive enough for shaking foundations of the cave-dwellers years ago when she declared against paying and receiving calls and other social flummery.

In this light she treats the silly Gann controversy over precedence in official society, disclaiming much knowledge of it until it had been elaborated by gossipmongers. She implies that it was "Nick" who thought it ridiculous and discourteous that one not the wife of the Vice-President should be shoved ahead of the wives of representatives of foreign countries, and that she "in one way was completely innocent of any participation in it," although she made a little mischief which had unforeseen results. "I really think that a great many people never believed that Charlie Curtis and Dolly Gann were just as good friends of mine as they had always been," she concludes.

With this characteristic frankness about herself she does not mince names. "Harding was not a bad man. He was just a slob," she writes. The Hardings came to her house a great deal to play poker, but she did not go to theirs. "Though Mrs. Harding did not play, she always came, too. The job of the 'Dutchess,' as she was called, was to "Tend Bar." And . . .

> it seems to me that the personnel of neither the House nor the Senate is as strong or as interesting as it was. No one there seems to rank with Root, Hanna, Foraker, Aldrich, Allison, Penrose, Knox, LaFollette, Beveridge, Lodge, Brandegee. . . .

The Roosevelt family tradition in the country is enriched by new letters and fresh anecdotes. The T. R. family played as a unit, energized by the President, who pulled them up high trees by one foot in a long rope noose or by a length tied around their fat middles, later discussed intricacies of world affairs with or at them. As for Washington today—"Look at it now," she writes. "The present President has the name of Roosevelt, marked facial resemblance to Wilson, and no perceptible aversion, to say the least, to many of the policies of Bryan."

* *

Elizabeth King Phelps Stokes was a Washington correspondent of the New York Evening Post *during the war years and continued a resident of that city afterward when her husband was associated with Hoover.*

Style Without Design

GENTLEMEN, I ADDRESS YOU PRIVATELY. By Kay Boyle. New York: Harrison Smith & Robert Haas. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

SOMEWHERE on the church at Gisors there is a wanton efflorescence of the latest Gothic which reaches its most intricate virtuosity only a stone's length from the pure and simple lines of the earliest Renaissance. In the tangle of exquisite carving, figures of a brilliant precision are half hidden in a lush overgrowth of tortured stone wreathing into meaningless shapes. The grace of detail catches the breath, the whole is a nullity, a confusion of motives eluding form.

Kay Boyle's writing is like that. If one says that this novel is a story of three Lesbians, two homosexuals, the keeper of a brothel, a fanatic, a sadistic egotist, and one fine woman, who is seduced in the course of the narrative, the description is accurate, but misleading. This is no book to attract the sensualist or arouse the censor. On the contrary, its sensationalism is that of writing so sensitive and of such intense imagery that the amorisims are no more emphasized than the wet mist of Seine mouth, radish bulbs fresh from the soil, or the flow of secret tides from a harsh earth up through the arteries of Spring. A rabbit, a goat, the Alsatian girl Blanca, are plucked out by sheer power of words from the tangle of emotions with a vividness which few contemporary prose writers can equal.

But the book is all a complex of perilous stuff got off the breast by a writer intoxicated by its peril, and fascinated by the shapeless confusion of emotion that pluck the strings of being to no purpose and for inadequate cause. It is the curse that has come upon so much modern writing, the lack, not of style, but a style, and the consequent inrush from books and life alike of experience demanding articulation. Style this author has unfailingly. Her least sentence is marked by it, and it is a style intensely pictorial, with daring inversions of rhythm as convoluted as the Gothic carving. But a style of making a book, a kind of book to be made, she has not found. She writes like D. H. Lawrence, but with neither his moral purpose nor his care to provide a sufficient reason for the passions he lets loose. Her hero, Munday, a musician who has found neither in the church nor in music the outlet for his heart, absurdly yields his reluctant virtue to a shifty sailor, Ayton, who is a woman's conception of a fascinating man, as poor an attempt to create an effeminate satyr as a gifted writer has ever been guilty of. But she writes also in the tradition of the poetic prose of Dublin, where beauty puffs up like purple smoke and the soul is always having visions of a sensuous reality that is half Catholic and half pseudo-paganism. And she imitates, also, the intimate French stories of the *terre*, where it is not the plot which interests but the tenacious soil which slowly gives its blood to the characters—that French tradition from which Guy Mazeline in "Les Loups", told of this same port of Le Havre, has broken free. And she mingles with these styles her own artistic gift, a power to create figures in a mist of symbolism, which have a vivid reality of their own as if they had been copied from larger, clearer canvases to give verisimilitude to a novel of men's private emotions stirred to curdling. The three Alsatian girls led by their vivandiere, Blanca the terse—Leonie and Quespelle who are more French than anything else I know in English:—what has drawn them into this morass of emotionalism borrowed from so many sources except the lack of a design for living which it is the novelist's first duty to create?

Virtuosity is this writer's curse, and a passion for displaying it on themes from which emotionalism can be squeezed and moulded into intricacy. The subtle wording of Munday's indentification of aspects of the Virgin Mary with aspects of his mother, and the resultant fixation of his emotions toward women, is of more real

KAY BOYLE
Drawn for The Saturday Review *by Irma Selz*

importance to her than what happened to his life.

The carving hides the design, the figures are blurred by it; the facile chisel remembers first A. E., then D. H. Lawrence, then Proust, and then its own creativeness.

I would delightedly read a story of the later adventures of the tragi-comic Alsatians, even though Lesbianism remained its theme. I would purchase with avidity a novel of the next phase of Leonie and the soil-proud Quespelle. For their creator has a power over personality far beyond the average. And even Munday might become intelligible if the author would let him do something more than groan and belie the character she gives him. But all their mixed emotions together and wrapped in an imagism as intricate as the stone lace the miserable Ayton broke off at St. Michel,—no! Style is not enough, may be too much, if there is no design—*a* style—to give it more significance than subtle unco-ordinated impressions made articulate.

Benjamin Franklin and His Grandson

THE TWO FRANKLINS: Fathers of American Democracy. By Bernard Fay. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1933. $3.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

AS an addition to American biography, M. Fay's book is as important as it is charming; as a contribution to American history it is of less significance than it purports to be. We have here an extraordinarily interesting record of the two Franklins: of Benjamin, the statesman, inventor, author, philanthropist, scientist, and diplomat, in the plenitude of years and fame in Philadelphia and Paris; and of Benjamin Franklin Bache, editor and politician, through the whole of his tragically brief life. But we do not have a great deal of new light on the subject indicated by the subtitle, the paternity of American democracy. M. Fay, it is true, essays to cover in some detail the stormy years between Washington's inauguration and the outbreak of hostilities with France in 1799. He furnishes a vivacious and sparkling narrative of the birth of the Republican and Federalist parties; the quarrel between Anglophiles and Francophiles; the activities of the buzzing journalists employed by Hamilton and Jefferson; the excitement over Citizen Genet, the disgrace of Secretary Randolph, and the XYZ Affair; the policies of honest, vain, irascible John Adams when he took the Presidential chair. But in all this there is little that is essentially new. In his portraits of the elderly Franklin and the fiery young Bache, however, there is much that is both new and striking.

Particularly as to the second figure, Bache. Every student of American history knows a little about Bache: that his mother was Franklin's only daughter, that Franklin gave him a Calvinist education in Geneva, that he learned the elements of the printing trade with Didot in Paris, that at twenty-one, in 1790, he founded the *General Advertiser*, which later became the Philadelphia *Aurora*, and that when he

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THE CARTOON FRANKLIN HAD MADE AT THE TIME OF THE STAMP ACT

died in the yellow fever plague of 1798, he was the most famous and influential of the Republican editors. Most people have heard of the frenzied, shrill, abusive battles between Bache's *Aurora* and William Cobbett's *Porcupine Gazette*. Most people also remember something of Bache's now almost incredible abuse of Washington. When that great man quitted the Presidency, Bache called for a jubilee to celebrate the fact that Washington no longer "gave currency to political iniquity, and legalized corruption." To this man, a mere shadow, a name, M. Fay's indefatigable researches and bright style now give corporeal substance and life. We see him walking the streets of Philadelphia, arranging the window-display of his shop, and writing his squibs and pronunciamentos; we hear him conferring with Jefferson and plotting with M. Fauchet.

It is M. Fay's contention, implicit rather than explicit, that Bache learned his political ideas at Franklin's knee, and that his thumping cudgel-blows for democracy were such as Benjamin Franklin (who died the year the *General Advertiser* was started) would have wished him to strike. Whatever may be said of this thesis, we are at least indebted to it for a minute and dexterous limning of Franklin's private life in his last ten years. As a boy in Europe Benny Bache was much with the famous man, so admired by two continents. They walked together in the garden at Passy; Benny was called in to meet dukes and princes; he went with his grandfather to lectures and concerts in Paris; he shared Franklin's enthusiasm for that new invention, the balloon. Even when he was away, in Geneva, Dr. Franklin watched over him carefully and saw that he had the training that became a scion of Protestantism and republicanism. When Franklin returned to Philadelphia in 1785, Benny returned with him. Some of M. Fay's most delightful pages depict the home in which they spent the next five years, with its library, its garden, its queer devices of Franklin's invention—the foot-operated fan to drive away flies, the mimeograph-press for letters, and the glass machine for exhibiting the circulation of the blood. Even better are the pages on Franklin's relations with his family and friends. His poor wife Debby, so far below his own intellectual level; his daughter Sally; his natural son William—they all appear, together with the great figures of Philadelphia. The first 120 pages of this volume might be published separately, with few changes, under the title of "The Old Age of Dr. Franklin"; and a very good book it would make, too.

Thereafter Bache takes the stage alone. He was not a genius. He had merely ordinary talents, with perhaps more than average persistence and courage for making his way as a newspaper editor. The field in Philadelphia was overcrowded. When he began, the great organ of the Jeffersonians was Philip Freneau's *National Gazette*. With two men of such force and brilliancy as Freneau and Jefferson collaborating in its pages, it naturally had qualities that Bache could not hope to rival. But Bache's persistence and energy soon began to tell. He had a keen instinct for news, and he wished to make his paper comprehensive enough to be indispensable to those who professed to be well-informed. He prided himself on its catholicity, its extensive intelligence upon Europe and developments, its reports of Congressional proceedings, and its reprints of executive papers. When Freneau's *National Gazette* went under, partly because of the yellow fever and partly because of poverty, Bache stepped forward in his place. As the rallying point for Republican journalism from 1793 to 1798, his editorial office offers M. Fay an excellent vantage point for surveying the hectic politics of those years.

In his chapters on the presidencies of Washington and Adams, so often surveyed before, M. Fay—like Mr. Claude Bowers several years ago—adds a good deal of graphic detail without changing any accepted judgments of man or transactions. It is the same story as of old, unaltered in any salient way, but simply made more vivid and entertaining in certain aspects.

Unfortunately for the political story, it comes to no logical ending. This being primarily the history of the two Franklins, M. Fay must break off his narrative abruptly with the death of Bache in September, 1798. It is an unlucky moment for an ending, for it does not coincide with any of the dramatic turning-points in the history of the time. If Bache could only have lived a year or so longer! He could then have hailed the momentous day when John Adams, by his sudden reversal of Hamilton's policy, averted open war with France, split the Federalist Party wide asunder, and made it easy for the Republicans to elect Jefferson as his successor. But by the time that happened the *Aurora* was in the hands of Duane, Bache's successor, who even married Bache's widow. M. Fay's narrative has to end rather vaguely and inconclusively, with politics still all at loose ends.

However strong as a biographical study, the book fails as a new explanation of the origins of the Democratic-Republican Party. To begin with, the author does not succeed in showing that Franklin would have taken a strong Republican stand, or in demonstrating any clear political link between him and his grandson. We simply cannot know what Franklin would have thought of the political issues which developed under Washington and Adams. It is conjecturable that his sympathies would have been with the Jeffersonians, but such conjectures are profitless. As for Bache, it is not even clear that he was strongly actuated in principle in embracing the Republican cause. Nor does M. Fay convince us that Bache was really a potent force in moulding the great political forces of the time. He was a very young man when he died; he was in no sense a political thinker; as a writer he was not conspicuous for eloquence, satire, or logic.

But M. Fay has written a book in which there is no dull page. He has sketched charmingly the last years of Benjamin Franklin, and pictured with force and vividness, against the political history of Jacobin days, the activities of one of the typical editors of Washington's time. The dash and imagination of his work are as notable as his careful scholarship.

A Classic of Early California

THE JOURNEY OF THE FLAME. By Antonio de Fierro Blanco. Boston: The Houghton Mifflin Company. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE man from whose lips Antonio de Fierro Blanco took down, if so it was, the account of a fascinating year of boyhood—namely that Señor Don Juan Obrigón "known during past years in the three Californias as Juan Colorado and to the *Indiada* of the same as The Flame"—was a man who saw practically no use in books. He could read trails of all kinds in the open and therefrom summon up stories that seemed to him better than any books he could read. A complete extrovert, with a fine physique, the breath of his nostrils was adventure and the shouldering of his way through a world of men. Yet, meeting him in this book—save for the Prelude—as a boy of twelve, he has furnished forth one of the liveliest biographies of an epoch. Before one has read twenty pages one knows it is "the real thing." And as comment on California in the early nineteenth century it is more illuminating than any other book I have read on that period in that clime. One realizes, for instance, what was the local opinion of the Franciscan Junipéro Serra whom all modern California has delighted to honor. What was the deep black mark against him and what was to his credit Juan Colorado sums up in this pithy statement:

> I regard it as greatly in Serra's favor that he was truthful regarding our Lower California Indians. They were sacrificed to starvation [which seems to be undeniably and terribly true] in order to convert to Christianity the *Indiada* of Alta California. He acknowledged this, though it hurt both his feelings and his reputation. Many a religious would not have told the truth so plainly.

DRAWING BY ALFREDO RAMOS MARTINEZ
From "The Journey of the Flame"

Never have the Latin characteristics been more impressively emphasized than in the aphorisms scattered through this full-flavored book. "Be courteous to all, but to those you hate be most courteous." Perhaps that has made such an impression upon me because, having some Latin blood myself, I recognize in myself that tendency—very bewildering to the Anglo-Saxon part of me!

"See that no flies alight within thy mouth. An open mouth and riata loop around thy neck are twins," "Intelligence in all animals, except mules and dogs, leads to a quick death,"—and then, in that discussion of education for the masses, the beautifully flatfooted statement:

> Teach a banker's son to steal and an official's boy to lie, and, being interested in their father's pursuits, they will learn quickly and do well. But give to the poor, desert-knowledge. Teach them to manage cattle and to irrigate crops and care for trees. Barefooted children must labor early in life and need instruction by work.

What also is Juan Colorado's conclusion concerning the roundness of the earth?—a fact to which he gives no credence, since the evidence of one's eyes tells one that the earth is flat! It is this:

> Since then, when asked, I say: "This earth is round. So wise men have told me and it must be true; but I do not believe it, nor need anyone."

A richly humorous way of putting things either belonged to "The Flame" or has been bestowed upon him by Antonio de Fierro Blanco, and preserved in the Englishing by Walter de Steiguer. It embellishes narrative of high artistry—artistry none the less high because it is evidently unconscious. And the abundance of rich material that is spread before us! How the four-year-old infant simulated a cow's calf in order to get milk from this ruminant; the superstition of the Wizard Gopher; the evolution of the name Obrigón from O'Brien—here was the red-headed scion of one he always regarded as an Irish King, and yet here also was a typical little Mexican; the splendid episode of the killing of the church robber; the explanation of pitahaya time; about the Wild Men or Mayas; the description of desert mirage—and I must stop here to quote a paragraph I should like to learn by heart, so good do I think it;

> Once near Magdalena we saw, in a waterless desert thirty miles across, a whaling ship with all its tiny boats capture a great whale. While we watched with open mouths, and wondered whether we dared face such enchantments, there came a light wind which blew away both boat and whale. Instead, a great herd of antelope ran across that barren waste where a whale had spouted and died. Our Indians have many legends concerning these mirages; all interesting to hear, but gross, and not appealing to a good Christian like myself.

There is the grand incident of the "Coyote Rabiosa," and the stampede of the cortège before the four-wheeled cart, there is that gorgeous character, the Admiral of the Pearl-Divers, there are the living eyes of the dead beasts in the Cave by Loreto, and the marvelous story of Don Sturgo Nacimbin. That's *only to mention* a tithe of the abundance in the book. And the main characters of the pilgrimage stand out as humanly as the characters in Chaucer. The Señora Doña Ysabel de la Cerad Sanhudo, wife of the head of the expedition, to whom the book is dedicated by the command of Juan Colorado, may serve as an example. Her play with her shawl is second only to spirited remarks of hers such as the following:

> But Doña Ysabel sniffed, saying: "Another time warn me beforehand, rather than afterward explain why. A butterfly and a woman need shelter from rain, not reasons for having been drenched!"

This is such stuff of history as historians like Gibbon or Parkman would have relished. This is such a classic as Kinglake's "Eothen." We enter into the very mind of the time. This reviewer has found in "The Journey" a volume long to be treasured and to be reread with unaltered delight.

In an inaugural address at Edinburgh University, Herbert Read said: "I think we must frankly recognize the priority of vocational training in our universities; but having recognized it, I think we must then do all in our power to counteract its evil influence upon character and disposition. There is no need for me to emphasize those evil effects. The single-track mind is one of the most pitiable objects in the modern scene. It is not merely that a limited outlook distorts the general vision, and makes the specialist a blind and ineffective member of society; but the limitation of mental interests embodies its own fate. The *mind, maintained within blank walls . . .* is a dark insensitive chaos. . . . To counteract the evils of vocational training and of intellectual specialization in general, it is necessary to cultivate, not merely the intellect as a disinterested activity, but in a far greater degree the sensibility."

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The Bowling Green

The Folder

MERRILL DENISON has been brooding on the N.R.A. three-cent stamp—the one that shows four symbolic persons trudging forward (under beams of rising sun) "in a common determination."

The four figures plainly represent the Farmer, the Business Man, the Mechanic, and the Housewife (or Consumer). What distresses Mr. Denison—and me too, now he has pointed it out—is that the Business Man (or Capital, or whatever you prefer to call him) is the only one of the four who is walking Out of Step.

I hope Mr. Arthur Colton won't mind my quoting some very wise lines from a private letter about a book of poems he had been reading:—

". . . . though we want to be concrete, we are realists and must be mystical too because life is mysterious. Hence our usual theme is the war between the concrete and the mystical. This keeping your feet on the ground and your head in the clouds is difficult unless you are a very tall party."

The *Week-End Review* in London has been printing a series of "Autocriticisms," in which authors review their own books. Mr. H. M. Tomlinson, commenting on his recent book *The Snows of Helicon*, says:—

> This book is called a novel. That is a matter of convenience. You can get away with almost anything by calling it a novel. That is what novels are for. Somehow, people must be persuaded to read; if an idea can be loosened and set adrift, it does not matter much from which quarter the wind blows. . . .
>
> This author, however, seems to expect of his reader a fixity of attention which I would bet any odds he rarely accords to the words of other people, and is seldom seen at all, except in the subject of a trance. To say the least of it, this is not fairly playing the game of novel-writing; most readers nowadays must run while reading, and cannot stop to pick up anything they may have dropped. So I would advise him that his style is not of this century. It is old-fashioned. If the world is as he describes it—and most people would admit that even diabolism in art could do nothing to worsen the present view of it—and if the speed of life is so ungoverned, then what is the use of expecting people to read with more than the eye? Not only have they no time for it, but the habit of reading otherwise, though I confess it was the right way to read, was lost long ago. That habit may be acquired again when the wild convolvulus binds the wrecked propeller of the last aeroplane, when the children of the survivors will have forgotten what is meant by a bomb, and men and women, with all to build again, have time to look around and take in at leisure with every sense whatever life may offer. By then, I suppose, its name as well as its snows will have melted even from Helicon. It may be well to address posterity, when you doubt your neighbors will listen, and if your publisher is indifferent about it, but it seems to me to be overdoing it to attempt to go beyond the last gas attack on London. This character Travers, however, has faith in some word or other. He acts in the belief that a word may change the obdurate material aspect of things. It may even dissolve the potentiality of torpedoes and such. He is evidently right; but somehow the words Europe is now conjuring with seem to have the wrong sort of magic.

I feel like wondering a little about H. M. T.'s dangerous assertion that calling a book a novel is merely a matter of convenience. A novel, in the larger dimension at any rate, must effect an unmistakable conviction of actuality. It must tell a story. If the intention is merely to "loosen and set adrift" some general ideas, can that not be more powerfully done without the pretence of fiction? I am thinking at the moment of Vera Brittain's fine book *Testament of Youth*, which surely serves its purpose more powerfully than if it had been cast in fiction form.

Mr. Lewis Gannett, of the *Herald-Tribune*, alluding to the statue of Huck Finn at Hannibal, Missouri, brought down on himself much correspondence about other public images of fiction characters. My own contribution to the argument is that there should be in New York a statue of the Old Soak. "It ought to be on Park Row," writes Mr. Gannett, "to remind people that there used to be newspapers down town."

There used to be a fine statue of Ben Franklin on Park Row, which could almost double as the Old Soak—but is it still there? I don't seem to remember noticing it lately.

Purd B. Wright, the alert librarian of the Kansas City Public Library, kindly sends me a grand catalogue of books offered by George Bates, Vines Cross, Horeham Road, Sussex. Excellent Bates! I like his temperamental memoranda on the various items. His ten best loved books, he says (in haphazard order) are *Salammbo, Sign of the Reine Pedauque, Candide, Gargantua and Pantagruel, Pilgrim's Progress, Gulliver, South Wind, Tristram Shandy, Pride and Prejudice, Mr. Polly.* He is a lover of W. W. Jacobs, of whose firsts he offers a strong assortment. He thinks Manning's *The Middle Parts of Fortune* (the unexpurgated version of *Her Privates We;* 520 copies, 1929) the greatest English book about the War. He says: *"All Our Yesterdays* covers a wider canvas and the ruthless analysis of *Journey's End* is magnificent; but no book is any way comparable with *The Middle Parts of Fortune* for an exact portrayal of the dumb millions who stuck out that four years of hell."

In the preface to his catalogue Mr. Bates does some lively open field running in honor of Reading for Fun:—

> A first of *Charley's Aunt* must be extremely rare, and I would defy all the D. Litts in creation to prove it is a power to be ignored. I don't suggest tucking the old lady in bed with the Prince of Denmark, but I would at least peg her out a claim on the hearthrug. . . .
>
> I dream sometimes of a little pub in Heaven where I shall fritter Eternity away; where Friar John is mine host, and I can drink deep and long in company with Sairey Gamp, Tony Veller, Jurgen, Jerome Coignard and Mr. Polly. . . . These are the real joys of books, the mirrored reflexions of ourselves, of the marionette Man strutting and capering under the stars; the boatman's story in South Wind, the lightning thrusts in Jane Austen (neither sword nor rapier nor needle, but a shaft of sunlight), and the never-to-be-forgotten after dinner drink round the fire at Bob Cratchit's from "two tumblers, and a custard cup without a handle." We do not read for instruction or culture or progress; we read for fun. . . . Books are not primarily the nourishment of the mind: they are a debauch, a riot, a carnival of bladders and Bacchantae, a means by which we can forget the coming of Monday morning and the 8.30.

That quietness can be much more alarming than noise was never better shown than in Anthony Armstrong's *Ten Minute Alibi*, an English criminology now playing at the Ethel Barrymore Theatre. This intelligent detective play is almost sedative, it is so much gentler than the usual American murder drama. No loud revolver shots, trick panels, roughhouse police captains, screaming sirens. Amateurs of the broken commandments will find it a most agreeable nightcap, and will thank Herman Shumlin for a suave job of direction. What a pleasant relief from the stereotyped Broadway detective is Inspector Pember of Scotland Yard. Also he can keep his pipe lit longer than anyone I ever saw on the stage. The plot involves some consideration of the behavior of chiming clocks, but to go into that would give too much away.

Speaking of D. Litts, as Bookseller Bates was a few lines above, there has been some pleasant intramural rivalry between two members of the *Saturday Review* staff who were both gifted lately with an honorary degree. Their argument was, which had received the more sturdy classical citation? The forms of academic compliment are always a pleasure to examine; I am greatly taken with Dickinson College's diploma for an honorary degree. It says:—

NOS
Primarius et Professores
ACADEMIAE DICKINSONIANAE
quae
est Carleoli apud Pennsylvanos
hoc Scripto testatum volumus
Clarum Virum
WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

Pietate et Ingenii dotibus praecellentem et Linguarum Artiumque Liberalium peritissimum sese etiam in litteris praestitisse versatissimum

Quam ob rem eum laurei dignum judicavimus eumque pro auctoritate nobis commissa consensu Senatus Academici *Litterarum Doctorem* nominamus et renunciamus.

In cujus rei testimonium Literis hisce publicum Collegii Sigillum ac Primarii et Scribae chirographa apponenda curavimus

Datum ex Aedibus Academicis Carleoli a.d. xii Kal Nov annoque Salutis Recuperatae millesimo nongentesimo tricesimo tertio, etc.

Methuen's autumn announcements (in London) show a title that sounds interesting—*Mr. Clerihew, Wine Merchant*, by H. Warner Allen. It is described as "a new kind of thriller." Mr. Warner Allen is a much admired expert on wine and the amenities of vintage; if he has woven his Bacchic lore into an adventure story it ought to be good.

Apropos Vincent Starrett's *Private Life of Sherlock Holmes*, F. M. M. writes from Washington:—

"Speaking of Conan Doyle's occasional slips, did you ever notice that at the beginning of *J. Habakuk Jephson's Statement* the narrator is made to say that he fought at Gettysburg but was finally invalided out after Antietam—which battle was a year before Gettysburg! Also, like most English writers (e.g. F. C. Burnand in *Happy Thoughts*) Doyle speaks of 'Bull's Run.' Of course the stream is Bull Run, without apostrophe."

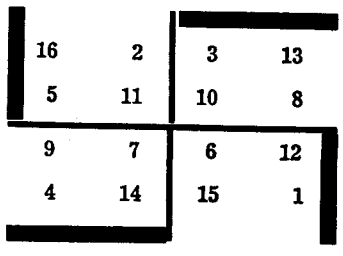
There isn't space to print a number of most interesting letters on the subject of the Old Mandarin's Magic Square. There is evidently a happy breed of men, a little world, that finds consolation and surcease in the consideration of these harmonious diagrams. But I must say a special gratitude to Mr. Julian Feiss (Cleveland, Ohio) for pointing out still further mysteries of the 34 square. The first arrangement shown by the Mandarin's dancing girls was:—

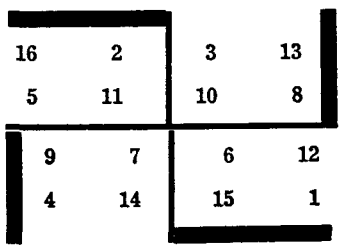
16	2	3	13
5	11	10	8
9	7	6	12
4	14	15	1

Mr. Feiss points out that:—

(1) The cells immediately following each of the four corners add up to 34. Example: 2-8-15-9.
(2) The cells immediately preceding each of the four corners add up to 34. Example: 5-3-12-14.
(3) The above series of figures if joined by straight lines form an 8-pointed star.
(4) Taking the cells on either side of opposite corners, we also get 34. Example: 5-2-15-12 or 3-8-9-14.

But Mr. Feiss's final triumph is what he calls the swastika count. He takes 16-5-12-1 and 4-14-3-13 and joins them with a line; or, similarly, 9-4-13-8 and 16-2-15-1. Observe his diagrams:—





Mr. Feiss humorously deduces from this certain political portents which would carry us into controversy. He adds that a variant of the Old Mandarin's 34 square "appears on the wall of Albrecht Dürer's *Die Melancholie*, at the back of the seated figure. It is assumed that the two center figures of the bottom row, which form 1514, serve to date the picture."—In the same way we take the 34 totals as a symbol of the varied possibilities of the year 1934.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Sara Teasdale's Solemn Music

STRANGE VICTORY. By Sara Teasdale. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1933. $1.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

THIS is the late Sara Teasdale's posthumous memorial, her farewell to a world she never quite despised yet never quite trusted. These last poems are like her departure—an austere finality accomplished with definiteness and dignity. They are sad, but not sentimental nor lachrymose; they move us because of their unaffected pathos, not because the poet was bent on tearing us with her own torn passions. Sorrow is here and the sharp edge of pain; but it is grief without tears, without a lyric wringing of hands. The shadow, the very presence of death lies over these twenty-two poems; yet there is never the querulous cry of frustration, never the melodrama of dying. It is obvious, with the very opening of the book, that here the poet is writi for her own ears; there is no faint co sciousness of an audience.

For that matter Sara Teasdale nev wrote with the reader in mind. If her early work was craftsmanlike—a little too craftsmanlike—it was because she took pleasure in the craft. Her later lyrics grew more and more straightforward, more dependent on an inner authority and less upon the clever manipulation of effects. It is an irony that as her admirers grew less voluble her work grew in value. "Dark of the Moon" is far finer in spirit and texture than "Love Songs" or "Rivers to the Sea," though it was less popular than either. This posthumous volume must be ranked among her significant works; small in bulk it represents the "larger" Sara Teasdale. As before, the lines are direct, the emotions unwhipped, the stanzas almost bare of ornament. The beauty is in the restraint, the careful selection, the compression into the essential spirit, into a last serenity. The twenty-two poems seem to form one movement with an ever-present though never elaborated theme.

Without a quiver of self-pity, without a last appeal of prettiness or a least trick of phrase, she set down verses whose authenticity is only surpassed by their simplicity. Nothing Sara Teasdale ever wrote at the height of her fame is lovelier than the serene valedictory which concludes "Strange Victory."

> There will be rest, and sure stars shining
> Over the roof-tops crowned with snow,
> A reign of rest, serene forgetting,
> The music of stillness holy and low.
>
> I will make this world of my devising
> Out of a dream in my lonely mind;
> I shall find the crystal of peace—above me
> Stars I shall find.

A word should be said about the book itself. It is sure to be sought after for its associations as well as for its intrinsic quality; it contains a facsimile of a poem in manuscript as well as a frontispiece drawn a few weeks before the poet's death.

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A Series of Biographies

GREAT LIVES. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1933. 75 cents each.*

Reviewed by ARTHUR COLTON

MR. DARLINGTON in his Exordium to the life of Sheridan compares a biographer with the biologist who made the huge plaster skeleton and the small conjectural model of the Diplodocus Carnegii in the South Kensington Museum. The skeleton is a deduction, the model a hypothesis. So too, grubbing in the dust of centuries, does the biographer reconstruct in his own mind characters almost as complete as the biologist's skeleton, and when he tries to make a vital personality of it, to clothe the bones with a specious imitation of flesh and make them seem to live, he too knows that the breath with which he animates them is his own, not theirs. Sheridan's character and achievements are as solid facts as a saurian's bones. But behind, out of our reach, is a brilliant, charming, able, indolent, and infuriating human being whom one can only take from some biographer with an inventive fancy, or imagine for ourselves. What we imagine, or is imagined for us, will not be the full truth; it is a conjectural model; but it must serve.

The Lives in this Series are shorter than has been usual in similar undertakings (the English Men of Letters for instance), half way between that and a long essay; and the handling has relation to the size. They are all, in a sense, on more or less hackneyed subjects, and the authors of most of them are unfamiliar names. But the selection of the authors shows good intelligence on the part of the selectors. For the subjects are not handled in a hackneyed way, nor in the bumptious way that has been common of late years. The freshness of treatment may have something to do with the changed era and certain new ideas about biography. The unfamiliarity of the biographers' names to my middle-aged apprehension may be because they are all young. In that case the intelligence of the selecters appears the more clearly, in that none of the biographers is afflicted with the passion for debunkery. To see things as they are; to clear one's eyes and see whatever is there; to be sane about it all and yet do your own thinking; to be interested in humanity rather than in propaganda; these are the virtues of a biographer in any era. And these virtues seem to be generally present in all the volumes of the Series so far.

In the list so far published or announced there are twenty-seven lives of which twenty-three are English, and the definition of "Great" is so liberal as to include the Prince Consort and Edward the Seventh. Greatness in that inclusive sense would take in a respectable portion of most lives that are recorded. The publishers are no doubt planning a miscellany rather than an anthology of lives. It does seem, however, as if a collection, or selection, which purports to be international should be really international. Otherwise it seems to say rather fatuously: "Great Lives, but of course most great lives are English," which of course they do not intend to say at all. Anthologies of English nineteenth century, or contemporary English poetry are similarly apt to contain two or three Americans to forty or fifty English. If English is used in the national sense there should be none; if in the language sense, there may easily be more English poets than American of those eras worth selecting; there may possibly be two to one; but not twenty to one. (The governing principle is of course not critical but the interest of probable buyers, and so far the series seems to have an insular public in mind.)

Great Lives have usually two parts, a public and a private, of outside facts and inside personality; or, as Mr. Darlington says, there is an approximately accurate skeleton and a conjectural or fanciful model. Mr. Somerset Maugham's novel, "The Moon and Sixpence," is the study of a painter dominated by his genius, which sucked into itself all the good there is in him. There he is a dreamer after beauty, and the rest of him is a callous brute. The biographers of Beethoven and Wagner in this Series bring out the same sort of phenomenon. Beethoven was a singularly unpleasant person, and Wagner very much of a cad. When you hear these lords of music speak in their own language of surging sound, you get all of them that is worth remembering. Apart from it they seem to have been misshapen things of very little use. Pepys used to say that Charles the Second was a very able man of business if he would only attend to it. His business was important and he had the brains to do it well. Some of it, as Mr. Hayward shows, he did do well, but biography has been more interested in the numbers and attractions of his lightsome ladies. One could hardly write a life of Gladstone that would not be mainly a public life, but the shifts and splits of English politics in the Victorian era are as complex and ultimately as wearisome to most people as the shifts and splits of Gladstone's active but mysterious conscience. The life of Cecil Rhodes is full of politics too, but it was a more vital kind of politics. Whether Whig or Tory, Gladstone or Disraeli, was right about the income tax was not a question very pregnant for the future. But in South A frica the foundations of a nation were being laid and the issues were crucial. Of the two parts of Wesley's life the early half was the personal one, a biographical story of some curious features. He found inward peace as soon as he found an outlet large enough for his enormous energy. The latter half was all public, all in the cause, all travel and preaching, and ordering the Society, the first chapters in the History of Methodism.

Even the Shakespeare Life by Drinkwater (who is, of course, not one of the unfamiliar names) is successfully unhackneyed. But in the matter of "Shakespeare's failures" he seems to have hit on the wrong ones. A man who produces one or two plays a year for a hungry market is often in a hurry. In reply to Mr. Drinkwater's objection to the tragic Shylock and to Lear's abuse of Cordelia he might remark indifferently: "The Lear difficulty is in the story and the solution is not very good. He certainly acted badly. Consider him of a temper hot, sudden, and unreasonable enough for the purpose and let it go at that. Neither he nor Shylock are unit characters, all of a piece. I never cared much for unit types, for Jonson's theory of humors. People are seldom or never made that way. Unit types are dramatically effective, but they are mechanical. I never made a character as miscellaneous as I am, or you are, or Ben is, particularly Ben." Mr. Drinkwater, further, believes that Shakespeare did not cease to write in 1611. He admits that he returned to Stratford, but believes that he continued to write, which writings have of course been lost. Maybe so, but if he did not I see no peculiar puzzle. There is room for infinite conjecture, or better still for meditation on humanity and its ways. But after all the plays themselves are the "solid facts"; "they are inside facts" and also "public facts"; but when one tries to build a deductive skeleton or conjectural model on them, it is a much worse case than Sheridan's. Even if one knew as much of his "character and achievements," his personality would still be more difficult and remote, the "heart of his mystery" more illusive than Sheridan's, or Hamlet's. The plays of the two men at least tell us that.

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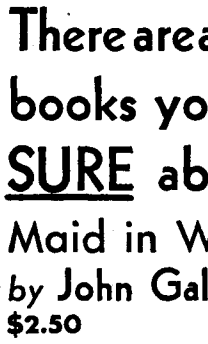

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SAMPLES
from Two Favorite Books

GERTRUDE STEIN'S
The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas

THE SALON

Later I was near Picasso. He was standing meditatively. Do you think, he said, that I really do look like your president Lincoln? I had thought a good many things that evening but I had not thought that. You see, he went on, Gertrude . . . showed me a photograph of him and I have been trying to arrange my hair to look like his, I think my forehead does. I did not know whether he meant it or not but I was sympathetic.

CUBISM

Gertrude Stein always says that cubism is a purely Spanish conception . . . We were very much struck the first time Gertrude Stein and I went to Spain, which was a year or so after the beginning of cubism, to see how naturally cubism was made in Spain. In the shops in Barcelona instead of post cards they had square little frames and inside was placed a cigar, a real one, a pipe, a bit of handkerchief, etcetera, all absolutely the arrangement of many a cubist picture. That is the modern note that in Spain had been done for centuries.

THE MARNE

Another description of the battle of the Marne when we first came back to Paris was from Alfy Maurer. I was sitting, said Alfy at a café and Paris was pale . . . it was like pale absinthe. Well I was sitting there and then I noticed lots of horses pulling lots of big trucks going slowly by and there were some soldiers with them and on the boxes was written Banque de France. That was the gold going away just like that, said Alfy, before the battle of the Marne.

MODERNISM

We had installed electric radiators in the studio, we were as our finnish servant said getting modern. She finds it difficult to understand why we are not more modern. Gertrude Stein says that if you are way ahead with your head you are naturally old fashioned and regular in your daily life. And Picasso adds, do you suppose Michael Angelo would have been grateful for a gift of a piece of renaissance furniture, no, he wanted a Greek coin.

ENGLAND 1915

The bishop's wife was very funny on this occasion. She said solemnly to Gertrude Stein, Miss Stein you are I understand an important person in Paris. I think it would come very well from a neutral like yourself to suggest to the French government that they give us Pondichéry. Gertrude Stein replied politely that to her great regret her importance such as it was was among painters and writers and not with politicians. But that, said Mrs. Bishop, would make no difference. You should I think suggest to the French government that they give us Pondichéry. After lunch Gertrude Stein said to me under her breath, where the hell is Pondichéry?

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VIOLET CLIFTON'S
The Book of Talbot

YOUTH

"It was the wildest trip of my wild life. That horse has not had a strap on him for five months but Talbot is dead game and is afraid of nothing. I never saw a horse in all my life go at the speed we made along the avenue. Not another man I know would have dared to do such a thing, but Talbot is not an ordinary man. I am sure when we struck that fence the horse jumped sixteen feet into the air. And Talbot just laughed."

THE ARCTIC SEA

They saw sailing ice, beautiful and terrible, and they had to beat to windward to avoid its shattered pieces. They bumped into drift ice, and the Black Prince shivered from stem to stern. One evening they saw, and heard, a piece of ice thrust up from under the sea, violently ascending into sight. Talbot knew that now he had seen an iceberg calving, throwing up from its entrails this lesser berg, begotten of summer. Soon after he saw with amazement far away, a mountain of ice that leaned over, quaked, and fell down into the sea. The noise carried for miles, the waters were displaced, the vessel rocked.

AFRICA

Fevered one midday, and scorched with thirst, lying down to drink of a well, Talbot saw, in the shallow water, his own face reflected, and below it the ragged black face of a man, newly murdered. But in spite of the thing the hunter must drink, and thankfully he did drink.

RUSSIA

Then on Christmas Day, Talbot gave a supper. Such a supper as never before nor since in any place or time has been given. The soup was made from the great bear that Talbot had killed, and the paws of the bear were served (for they are like jelly and are accounted a dainty). The roasted meat was the wild sheep to be called Cliftoni. As a gift Professor Hertz had sent some of the flesh of the mammoth he had found. They ate it thoughtfully, for was it not 8000 years old?

MARRIAGE

Afterwards when she was his wife, he adorned her with the jewels of his family; with diamond wings to wear in her hair and, from the East, a chain of golden birds. She took her jewels with her everywhere, wore them always, lost and refound them; they had half a hundred adventures. Dining alone with him she would wear them. So once a kinsman had surprised her on a racing yacht, with Talbot in the tiny cabin: The kinsman misjudged her; he could not have understood that she thought to be with Talbot was holiday as worthy of gay wear as a court festival.

Talbot Clifton's life, amazing because he was amazing. "It belongs to literature." —Saturday Review

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China's Other Half

CHINESE DESTINIES. By Agnes Smedley. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

WHETHER Agnes Smedley actually is a member of the Communist Party I do not know. But I remember when she arrived in China, how she immediately threw herself into the mêlée of Chinese politics; how the sufferings of the masses moved her to bitter tears; how in less than a year she was personally acquainted with more young Chinese who were active in "movements" than many foreigners who had lived in China a generation.

The life of Agnes Smedley has been dour from earliest childhood. Of this she wrote in her earlier book, "Daughter of Earth." The bitterness of that book has been apparent in her attitude towards men and events from the moment she arrived in China, and it provides the shrill note of her new book, "Chinese Destinies."

To those who are accustomed to the elegiac works of Pearl Buck or Nora Waln, or to the narratives of Louise Jordan Miln or Alice Tisdale Hobart, Miss Smedley's work will offer a startling surprise, a picture of stark, ugly, unrelieved realism. Just as Nora Waln makes fewer compromises with verifiable facts than Mrs. Buck, so Agnes Smedley makes no compromise at all. She writes what she has seen and heard without attempting to save the reader or any element among the Chinese. She speaks of the great in China as we all spoke of them there—perhaps a bit libellously, yet as most young people speak of them and think of them in China.

Her descriptions of the social revolution, particularly of the struggles between parents and children, afford the first truthful and accurate account of this phenomenon that I have seen in any Western language. It hits one terribly hard and between the eyes, it is brutal in its frankness, but every word of it is true. As I read sketch after sketch of this particular phase of Miss Smedley's account, I could almost fill in the names and instances. Perhaps not the same ones that she would give, but that matters little, for the struggle is general, the sufferings of the parents and the children characteristic, and the effects upon society devastating.

Read, for instance, this paragraph, told to Miss Smedley by a communist woman:

> As for my old feudal family, the family into which I was born—they are to me but a dark and ugly memory, and to them I am but a fearful dream. My hope is that if I ever face them and their kind it will be as a part of the Red Army, to destroy all that they value, to bring to human existence those whom they enslave. They once tried to pin me to a marriage bed with a millionaire that I might breed more creatures like themselves. But I chose a man I loved from the ranks of the revolution, and for permission to live with him I asked no priest or policeman whose blessings give sanctity to bourgeois marriages. My husband fell before the Terror, and although my heart lies with him in his nameless, unknown grave in Hankow, still he died heroically for the masses of our country, and his death has but steeled me for further unceasing labor.

This is no sham interview with an unknown person. I once knew a girl student in Shanghai, a native of the remote, interior province of Szechuan, who talked that way. I see today in Nanking a high official who once in my house talked that way. I have listened to these words so often that I do not merely state that Miss Smedley's language is not exaggerated; I vouch for its realistic accuracy.

Of course Miss Smedley only gives one side of the picture. There are four hundred million people in China, and one can find there what one seeks. Pearl Buck's Wang Lung or Miss Smedley's Kwei Chu, just as in the United States Franklin Roosevelt and Stephen Z. Foster, dwell under the same sky. The value of Miss Smedley's book is that she is the first to have dared to tell how the other half lives and what it thinks; she has dared to cast aside the roseate veil of oriental romance and to show love and hate and murder and vindictiveness, and the warfare of classes and the greed of officials, without compromise or apology. After one has read "Chinese Destinies" one can more readily understand why for six years huge, well-trained forces have been hurled against the absurdly organized Communist armies—and the Reds have survived.

And yet, China is neither the idealized country of its advocates nor the brutal land of Miss Smedley. China, like Russia and Germany, in the throes of revolution, goes slightly mad every so often, as we who do manage somehow to eat, do not go mad. In a word, hunger brightens the eye, but it numbs the brain. It is hunger and disappointment that break the spirits, not persecution, not arrests, not fear. While there is still hope, and something to eat, men go through physical sufferings cheerfully and with a song on their lips. But in China, there has been no hope for youth for years, except during the short few months when the Nineteenth Route Army allowed itself to be decimated by the Japanese in Chapai.

Every page of Miss Smedley's book speaks of this hopelessness, yet not long ago Dr. Hu Shih was here in New York, and he was optimistic because he saw the physical basis of life in China being altered slowly by the introduction of an industrial civilization and of modern scientific methods of thought and action. There is that other side, that, from the long point of view, China is indestructible because the physical basis for life on the Chinese continent is capable of supporting a high civilization and that that will come to China as it will come to Russia out of this revolutionary period.

It will be a great pity, however, if those who really care to know about China permit predispositions and prejudices to keep them from Miss Smedley's "Chinese Destinies." It is necessary to know that millions of Chinese think and feel as she does and that it is impossible to know China without knowing that.

The volume is illustrated but very badly.

George E. Sokolsky, author of "The Tinder Box of Asia," was for many years a resident of China.

Old Baltimore

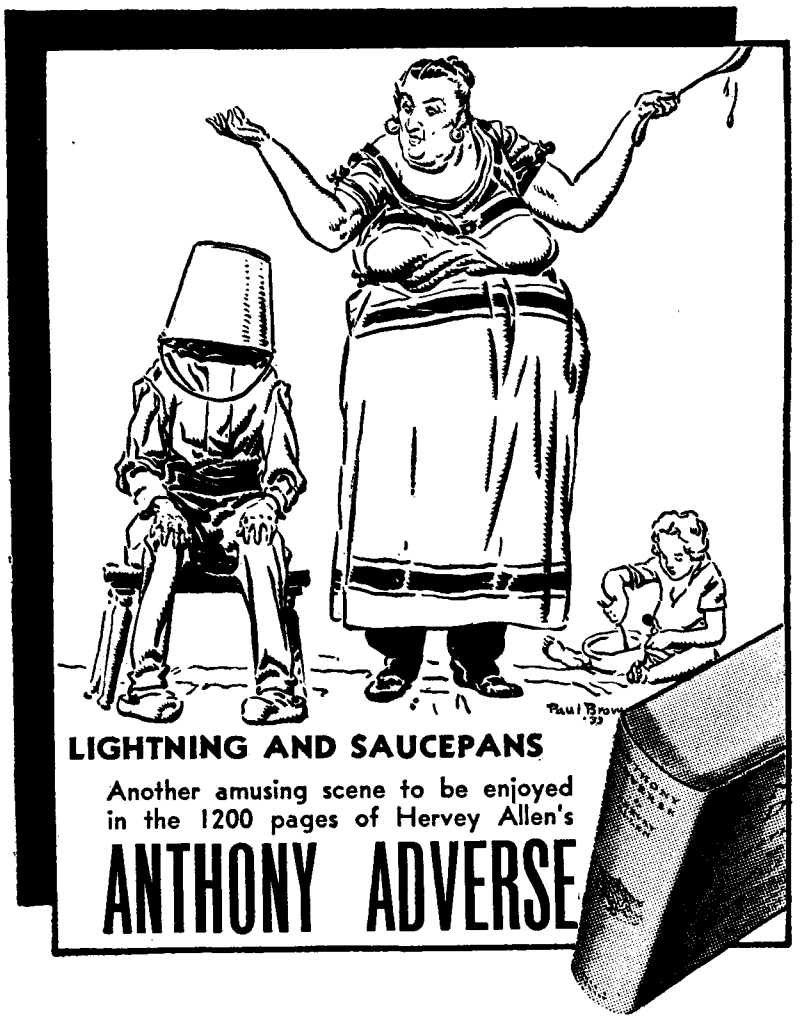
BALTIMORE IN THE EIGHTIES AND NINETIES. By Meredith Janvier. Baltimore: Roebuck. 1933.

THIS is not a book for the young, but it will afford solace to their fathers and mothers who find themselves tossed on strange uncharted seas. It proves that we once possessed a world, though we are sadly out of things now. The dedication gives its key: "To the Belles and Beaux of Baltimore." If the phrase "Belles and Beaux" with all its associations does not arouse a faint nostaglia in your breast, better pass up the book at once. There are plenty of books of another sort.

The reign of the Belles and Beaux endured somewhat longer in Baltimore than other cities, and indeed even today Baltimore lags behind in the giddy acceleration of the pace of life. Though not much. In Baltimore it is still possible to be poor and to move in the best society. A lady may keep a boarding house in Baltimore without any sacrifice of dignity. In Baltimore families of quite modest means may still sport a black-skinned butler in white cotton gloves.

In an early chapter Mr. Janvier tells how when Francis Wilson and DeWolf Hopper revived "Erminie" in Baltimore a few years ago the late George May (one of the last of the great Beaux) was so moved by the singing of "Good-Night" and other classic melodies he had to leave the theatre. Thus in every reader who belongs to Mr. Janvier's generation such a crowd of painfully sweet memories is bound to rise upon reading of the dear old horse-car and gaslight days that he must close the book for awhile.

One doesn't have to know Baltimore to enjoy it. Wherever in America one may have been brought up during the eighties and nineties one played much the same games, sang the same songs, saw the same shows, and sighed for the lovely girls in the same respectful manner. Recommended to all American born readers over fifty.



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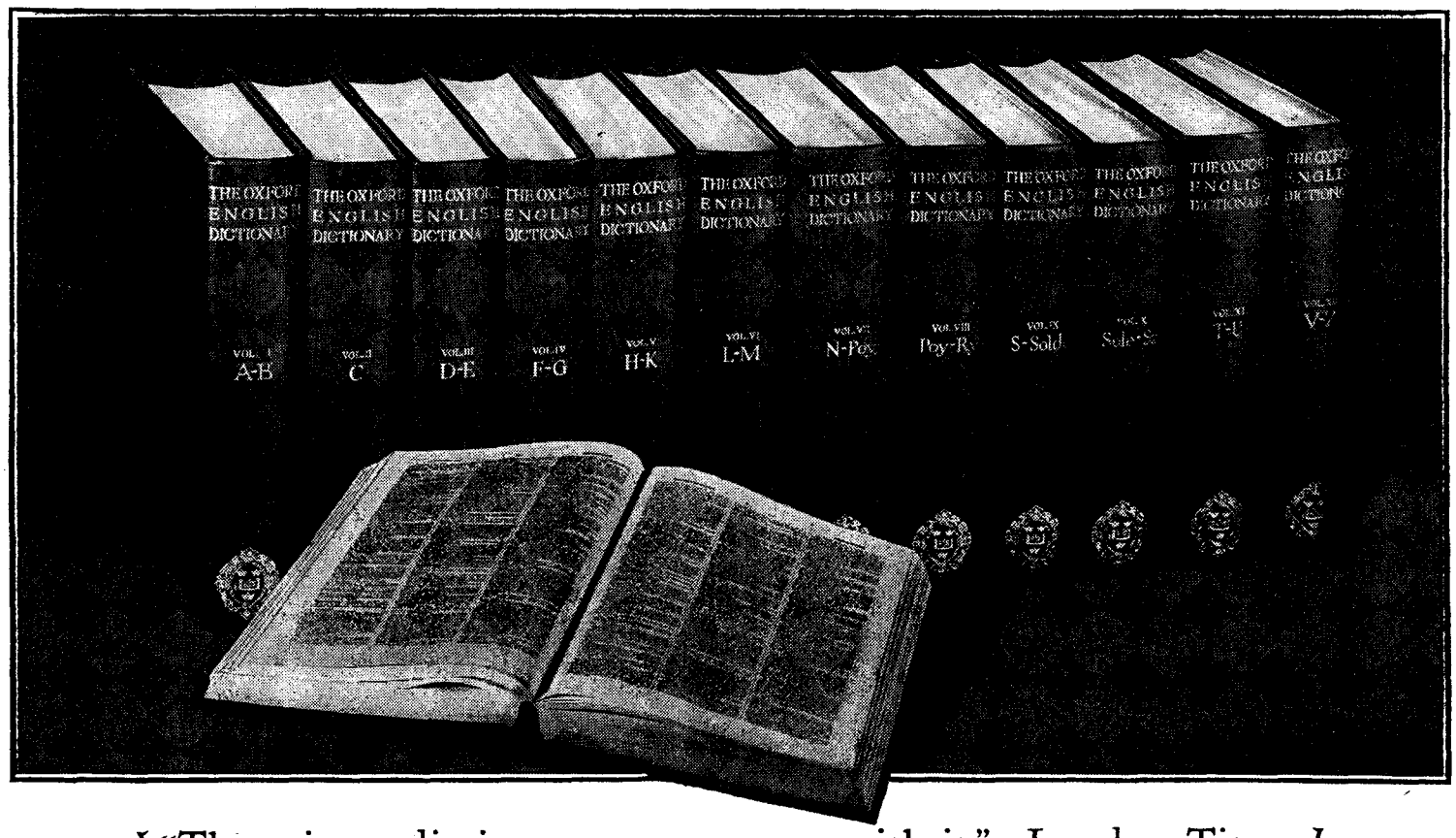

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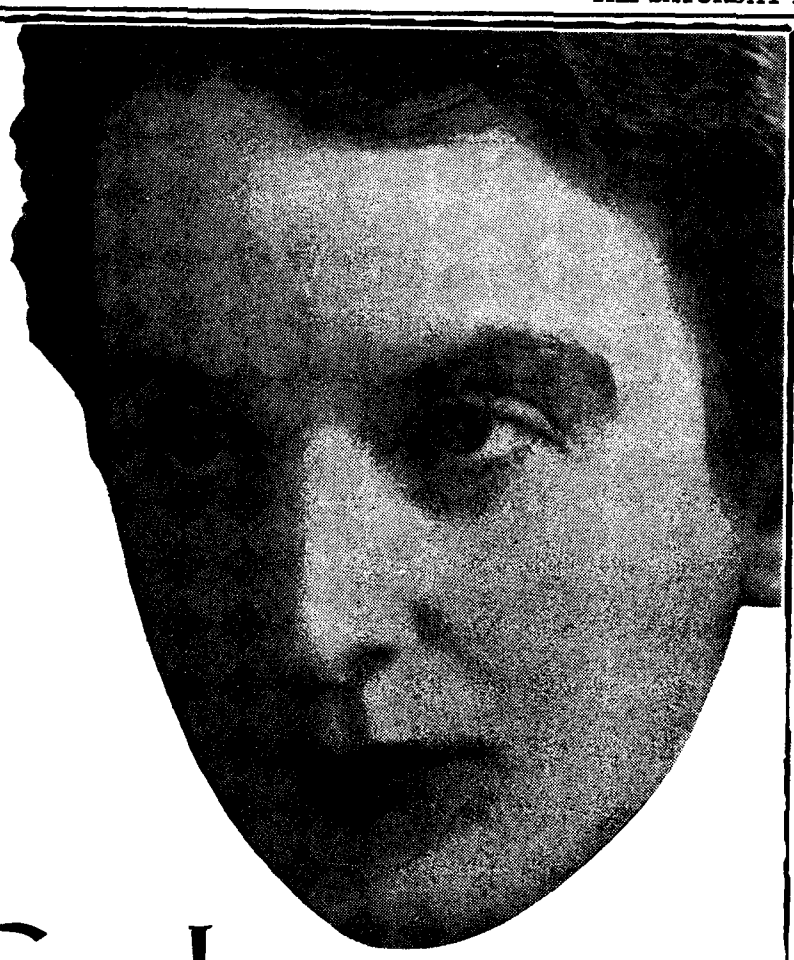

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Triumph of Failure

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN. By J. Elliot Ross. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1933. $2.75.

Reviewed by CHARLES FREDERICK HARROLD

THE centenary of the Oxford Movement, through which we have been passing, would no doubt be more impressively celebrated, at least in print, if its great leader had been more the man of action or the picturesque prophet. Unfortunately for the journalist and the popularizer, John Henry Newman lived a relatively inward life, characterized at once by a meticulous sincerity and an utter contempt for the arts of publicity. His nature and personality were such, indeed, that they raise formidable difficulties for any biographer. His career provides none of those spectacular or dramatic episodes which lend to a biography the glamor of fiction.

The real drama in Newman's life was enacted in the depths of his own fastidious conscience. Moreover, his nature was curiously paradoxical and subtle. His exquisite love of holiness, for example, did not prevent him from preserving a Hamlet-like awareness of all sides of a problem; so well did he appreciate the claims of unbelievers that Huxley said that a whole primer of infidelity could be compiled from Newman's writings. His scholarliness was never at war with his practical sense, and both kept him aloof from parties, or made his allegiance ambiguous. On questions of belief, he united a remarkable felicity in argument with a mystical sense of the absolute reality of the inexpressible. Though a man of peace and forgiveness, he was capable of feline fury when unjustly attacked, as was brilliantly manifested in the opening replies to Kingsley on the occasion of the "Apologia." Keenly alive to the beauty and drama of the external world, he nevertheless found the root of reality in the world of subjective experience. All this is not to say, however, that there was in Newman any fundamental disharmony of spirit such as existed in most of the great Victorians, notably in Carlyle and Ruskin. He had, from the very first, that theological ideal which imparted to his life the basic unity and power which carried him through years of frustration and defeat. Always, from the beginning to the end, in uniting the seen and the unseen, he had the sacramental point of view; long before he left the Anglican Church, his nature yearned not only for intellectual definition but also for symbol and gesture. He was the born priest.

The author of the present biography has no doubt been conscious of the problems involved in making Newman, as a man, vivid to present-day readers. He relies on what is intrinsically interesting in Newman's career. There is no attempt at analyzing the psychological problems presented, and nothing new or striking develops as the narrative proceeds. The book is evidently a product of the centenary, and as such is a straightforward, reliable, if somewhat conventional, recounting of the events in Newman's life, from a Roman Catholic standpoint. To non-Catholic readers it will be illuminating for its intelligent discussion of Papal Infallibility, the theory of the development of Christian doctrine, and the "Syllabus Errorum," on which Lytton Strachey became amusing but misleading. More definitely addressed to the reader of today are Father Ross's remarks on Newman's curious unconcern with contemporary social and economic problems, and on the fact that we may look in vain throughout Newman's works for any discussion of the great reforms of the 1830's and 1840's, or for any evidence that he shared the growing social conscience of his times. "Newman moved through it all like a ghost, showing not the slightest indication that he ever knew of such a thing as social injustice."

Unlike Manning, who threw himself into the problems of poverty, vice, and exploited labor, Newman addressed himself to a more elusive and delicate problem: how to show, intellectually, the validity of the assent to religious propositions; or how, as Wilfrid Ward put it, to bring home the reasonableness of religious belief to all men of good will. This was Newman's lifelong work, a fact too often forgotten by his admirers, who are prone to remember "Tract 90" and to forget "The Development of Christian Doctrine" and the "Grammar of Assent." In this labor Newman succeeded only in that incomplete but dynamic way which characterized all that he ever did, and which, in large part, made his life, as the author justly remarks, the "triumph of failure." His career was indeed a series of frustrations, of visible and present defeat, yet of ultimate vindication. In some important respects, Newman's work still awaits adequate recognition. The one work in which he applied the concept of growth and evolution, fourteen years before the "Origin of Species," namely, his examination of the development of dogma, remains yet to be properly evaluated by the student of Victorian thought.

Newman's character comes out anew as Father Ross objectively retells the melancholy story of Newman's long obscurity in the Roman Catholic fold after his conversion in 1845, of the conflict between Newman and Manning—hardly, in spite of Strachey, the meeting of the eagle and the dove,—of all the jealousy and the official indolence which frustrated Newman's labors in Ireland and defeated his scheme for an Oratory at Oxford, which aided in the blocking of his efforts to gain intellectual rights for Roman Catholics, and which basely opposed, for a time, the movement to elevate him to the Cardinalate. No wonder that, old and weary, Newman should speak of the "scorn and wonder at the injustice shown me, and the demand of toadyism if I was to get . . . the favor of Rome." The author does not hesitate to let Newman give us his opinion of Roman ecclesiastical politics: "The Rock of Peter, on its summit, enjoys a pure and serene atmosphere, but there is a great deal of Roman *malaria* at the foot of it." More of such vivid insights into Newman's spirit would have made the book less conventional than it is. One misses, for example, that episode in which Newman revealed his passionate grief over the death of his friend Ambrose St. John, his throwing himself on the bed beside the corpse and spending the night there. Again, we should welcome that example of Newman's almost medieval subjugation of self, as when, in Rome, he walked barefoot from the landing stage of the *diligence* to St. Peter's Basilica, to seek help in setting right some differences with his London brethren. On the whole, Newman has not yet received from biographers that intuitive and recreative treatment which makes the dead live again for us. Yet Father Ross's book will do much if it but reminds us that, from across the chasm which lies between us and the Victorians, Newman's voice still rings with the eloquent power of a great soul, whose long journey from Littlemore to Rednall was, by a lifelong irony, the "triumph of failure."

Books on Esthetics

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF ÆSTHETICS AND OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE FINE ARTS FROM 1900 TO 1932. Compiled and edited by William A. Hammond. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. 1933.

Reviewed by BERTHA COOLIDGE SLADE

THIS volume supplements the May 1933 issue of *The Philosophical Review*. Professor Hammond, in his preface dated from the Library of Congress, states that in 1905 the Macmillan Company published Volume III of Baldwin's "Dictionary of Philosophy" which was edited by Benjamin Rand and contained a very complete and well classified bibliography of philosophical books and articles prior to 1902. In view of the accumulation of more recent literature, the American Philosophical Association has appointed a committee to prepare a general bibliography of philosophy as a continuation of Rand's work. The present volume is an advance publication of a portion of this. It contains nearly two hundred pages of titles "selected with reference to their philosophical content." Many foreign works are listed, the English version being given if a good translation has been made. A number of old and valuable reprints are also included among the books written since 1900. A glance at the table of contents which contains such headings as Graphic Arts, Sculpture, Architecture, Music, Color, Style, Art and Morality, Art and Religion, etc., gives one an idea of the scope of the work. Mr. Hammond has not considered it necessary to give publishers' names. He has confined himself solely to quoting the place and date of publication, stating the pages on which references occur. As a result he has compiled an excellent short-title reference book rather than a more complete bibliography but one which will undoubtedly be of great service to those who wish to continue their research further along the lines of Aesthetics and the Philosophy of the Fine Arts.

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The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE BOAR AND SHIBBOLETH

A NEW young poet now on the horzon is of special interest to *The Saturday Review of Literature*, inasmuch as several of his early poems appeared in our pages. Also, last year, if you received the publications of the Casa Editorial Franco-Ibero-Americana, of the Boulevard Saint-Germain, Paris, you would have had in your possession a thin white paper-bound book by *Edward Doro*, entitled "Alms for Oblivion," after the Shakespearan quotation, "Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back Wherein he puts alms for Oblivion." Any such modest title was pretty sure to cover work of more than usual import—consider the following deprecating titles chosen by a great artist. "Nets to Catch the Wind" was *Elinor Wylie's* first title, and "Trivial Breath" a later one. *Leonard Bacon's* earliest sheaf was dubbed with overwhelming modesty "The Scrannel Pipe." A certain despair that only sorts with an intensely high aim distinguishes some of our best. So I opened "Alms for Oblivion" on a glimpse of a little devil very much alive, immediately followed by the gorgeous fantasy we had published in *The Saturday Review*, "The Boar and Shibboleth." It is nothing if not original. Then I came upon the fine mystical poem "That Cryptic Time," "The Hippogryph," and "Tonight in Philadelphia." These were enough to convince me that Edward Doro was a good deal more than a mere name. Now I have just received what is really his first volume for the public, beautifully manufactured by Alfred A. Knopf with perfect illustrative material. He has chosen for his title, "The Boar and Shibboleth," and I urge all lovers of the fabulous, all understanding Coleridgeians, all seekers for magic in verse, all who desire their poetry slightly mad, to seek out this wellspring without delay and drink of its illuminating waters. To me the book is the most delightful thing in this Fall's freshet of poetry. Also will all not too fossilized Philadelphians rally to this youth who declares himself of that city. It is time Philadelphia produced a poet—and here is one like a spinning catherine wheel putting all the small correctitudes of genteel parlor poetry to shame. Of course the ancients will tug their beards at him, the householders hum and haw, who see the world only by the light of the old horn lantern they carry through it. And how little he will care, and how enheartening it is to see the youthful imagination at last again run wild!

GILBERT MAXWELL

The younger poets, indeed, are marching strongly. At the head of them, to my mind, stand *Horace Gregory* and *Stanley Kunitz*—about as different in their methods as two poets could well be. Among the others is *Paul Engle*, with a fresh vision of America. And now still another young poet, a Georgian, *Gilbert Maxwell*, issues his first book through Dodd, Mead & Company, with its spirited title "Look to the Lightning." He is still in his early twenties and "New York is the one place on earth where I have always wanted to be," despite the fact that for two hundred years his forebears have resided in Wilkes County. Regarding his book, he commands often a fine reticence and possesses an unusual sensitivity. Some of his sonnets are truly moving. His lyrical range is as yet not great, but he works within certain forms with precision. I wish to quote here a poem whose simplicity almost deceives as to its excellence of artistic expression:

RIVER ROAD

Turning northward from the town,
We took a road that led us down

Into a wood where every tree,
Far as the straining eye could see

Hung heavy with the weight of snow.
We did not care, we did not know

What lay beyond the fringe of pines
That loomed against the stars in lines

Of crystal darkness, but we went
Companioned by a strange content;

And when the river fell in view
I turned my head to look at you.

You did not speak, you only stood
A silhouette against the wood,

Transfixed, transfigured with surprise.
The river rushed into your eyes

And all the words I would have said
Were spoken by your lifted head.

Mr. Maxwell is at the beginning of a career that I hope may be rich in accomplishment.

THE POEMS OF MARIE WELCH

A new volume you should not miss is from Macmillan and entitled simply "Poems." The author is *Marie de L. Welch*, whose work you may have encountered in our own pages and those of *The Nation*, *The New Republic*, and *The Commonweal*. One particular poem of hers, "The Villains," which is the last poem in this volume, I clipped some time ago from the publication in which it appeared for a contemporary scrapbook of the verse I most care for. One particular thing you will find in her poetry is her remarkable understanding of the ways of animals, of fish, of birds. This is not "cute" poetry about animals, for no one realizes more keenly than the poet that aspect of nature that is "red in tooth and claw." And yet she say, in "Bar of Shade,"

I know that man remembers, and is always afraid;
But of beasts I do not know
That fear comes with them from the wood into the meadow,
Browses with them and turns with them when they go.
The porcupine may walk in eternal danger
With terror trembling ready at the base of his quills,
The deer may range as country of pits and darkness
The smooth bright hills;
But I have seen the calm, slow strolling porcupine,
I have seen the bold and brilliant running deer,
And I may believe that fear leaves no mark on them.—
After they have eluded the cause of fear,
After they have eluded the terrible hunter,
It is as though they had never been afraid;
They are no more marked having gone through terror
Than I am marked having walked through a bar of shade.

That is an unusually intuitive observation of creatures of the wild. Again, Miss Welch's free verse has a backbone that makes it impressive, it but serves to emphasize her sense of form. In the long poem in the middle of her book, "Sky-Eaters" she has something significant to say of our American civilization at this time. She can control a lovely music or move with more abrupt step into realism. Among the many fine women poets of America she should take a place of distinction.

BOOKLETS BOUND IN RED

Here are four pamphlets with red covers, the best of which, so far as poetry is concerned, is *E. E. Cummings's* translation of *Louis Aragon's* "The Red Front," published by Contempo at Chapel Hill, North Carolina. This is probably the best communistic poem yet written; wild and stormy; and Mr. Cummings's translation of its free and at times rather crazy verse is a feat in itself. The poem runs to eight large pages and ends with a detonating onomatopoetic description of the Red train starting. "Christ in the Breadline," from The Driftwind Press, North Montepelier, Vermont, is introduced by *John Haynes Holmes*. It is composed for "Holy Days," its motivation is the New Testament, and it is scathing in its denunciation of so-called Christian civilization. *Kenneth W. Porter*, *Seymour Kordden Link*, and *Harry Elmore Hurd* are its authors. It contains some good ironies and some fiery lines. "Prisoners," by *Dominic Musarafiti*, published by Albert Murray, 221 West 13th Street, and "Rhapsodies in Red," by *S. A. DeWitt* (Rand School Press) cannot be commended for their mastery of a verse medium. Their protest sounds sincere enough but the manner of expression is pretty bad.

From

JOHN PALMER GAVIT'S

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(In the Saturday Review of Literature)

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By FREDERICK PALMER

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Always, though he himself makes light of it and mostly ignores it, I see the dour courage of an indomitable spirit such as Kipling visions in his immortal "If"—"you'll be a man, my son!" To my mind, no spectacle of bravery, grim or gay, in this tale of high adventure amid the tragi-comedy of wars in far places surpasses or distracts from that of the author himself, calmly defying death. And getting away with it.

He is primarily a philosopher, a thinking, deeply appraising observer of mankind not only in his greatest folly of mass-butchery and mass suicide, but also and especially in his humanness under the individual, class and racial delusions of grandeur and inferiority. Grim or gay, for this is a tapestry of horror and never-failing humor, the main thread of the warp ever shows through.

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A Letter from Germany

BY JOHN STAPLETON

THE visitor to Germany today with literary inclinations will probably look first in the bookshops for any evidence of the changed situation of which he has read so much. The ban on the Jews, the proscription of Marxism—a term which, he gathers, can be made to embrace the mildest of liberalism—the official pronouncements against "decadent" literature, and the "Leader's" proclamation that henceforward all German literature and art must be national—this will all have excited his curiosity to see what is precisely the state of German literature today. So far as visits to bookshops in the great cities afford any indication, the much-advertised "clean sweep" of all but approved nationalist writers seems to have been fairly thorough, but not complete. It is true that, in a visit to several bookshops in various German towns, not one of the works of Ernst Toller, or Georg Kaiser, or Lion Feuchtwanger, or Emil Ludwig (all Jews) was to be seen, but Jacob Wassermann's "Etzel Andergast" was still on sale here and there, so were various earlier works of Thomas Mann (who has bitterly criticized the new régime), and Stefan Zweig; in one provincial bookshop even Heinrich Mann's plea for a Franco-German understanding, "Das Bekenntnis zum Übernationalen," published at the beginning of this year, was displayed, not prominently it is true, but unconcealed. Maybe it had been overlooked, however, for National Socialist anger against Heinrich Mann has been more intense, it seems, than against his younger and more famous brother.

After the enquirer had verified that the Jewish and Marxist writers had almost, but not quite, disappeared from the bookshop windows and stalls, he would next be struck with the mass of books and pamphlets on the National Socialist programme, and particularly on one aspect of it, the eugenic and racial. This is not unexpected; Germany, after all, has lately passed through a revolution as real and as far-reaching as the revolution at the end of 1918. Small wonder that the writers and sellers of books have concentrated on it and that pure imagination has been elbowed out by politics and race-theories. This development, although it has been greatly intensified by the events of this year, is not at all new. As a reaction against the largely pro-communist internationalism of the years 1918 to 1925, which found its literary outlet chiefly in the works of the Expressionist writers, such as Toller and Kaiser among the playrights and Becher among the poets, there came a return to nationalism, to the cult of the homeland; as a reaction against excessive introspection there came a new objectivity and an interest in sociology. In the majority of writers this had nothing to do with politics. Two of the chief representatives of this tendency, Max Mell and Richard Billinger, are Austrians who, so far as is known, have no dealings with Chancellor Hitler's party. But the popularity which they, with other writers like them, attained in the past five or six years was a straw showing how the wind was blowing. The tortured self-questionings of such works as "Etzel Andergast," or that impressive history of German emotions and aspirations from 1880 to 1930, Hermann Broch's "Schlafwandler" (The Sleepwalkers), received an answer which possibly their authors did not expect. The passionate cry for "new values" to replace the old ones which had disintegrated was to be answered by a company of writers who, in effect, said to the great German public: Here, here in your own country, in the heroic history of your own race, in the romantic tales of your forefathers, in your sagas, in the civilizing enterprise of your Emperors, in the beginnings of the "Heiliges Römisches Reich deutscher Nation," will you find inspiration; in such studies, and not in the alien utopias of Moscow, not even in the cultural ideals of Western Europeans, which they themselves are beginning to distrust, will you attain to harmony with yourselves.

In its beginnings this was a natural and a wholesome tendency. The rural poems of Billinger, and his peasant dramas, the renewal of the Christian mystery play by Max Mell, the novels of early Germanic history by Martin Beheim-Schwarzbach, the epic of German struggles in Russia by Joseph Ponten, the vigorous narratives of Karl Heinrich Waggerl and Heinrich Hauser—all these deserve to be read, and their influence was healthy. But the tendency of which, to a certain extent, they were the expression, was to go to an extreme. Three years ago Professor Ernst Robert Curtius, one of the best of German critics, the well-known authority on French and English literature, in his book "Deutsche Kultur in Gefahr" (German Culture in Danger)—this, too, is to be seen in one or two bookshops still—uttered a warning against the hostility to culture equally inherent in the extreme nationalist and in the communist movements. Both appealed to instinct, to the irrational; both showed a hostility to so-called bourgeois culture, by which was meant all literary, artistic, and intellectual tradition possessed by Germany in common with the rest of Europe. The extreme nationalists, moreover, declared their intention of setting up an exclusive and intolerant racial ideal, under which the great part of Germany's literary heritage would be treated as of no account. Not only Jews, but even representatives of "Weltbürgertum" such as Goethe and Schiller would have been cast aside as unfit for study; a veritable hatred of culture, as Thomas Mann vigorously pointed out about the same time, might well be the outcome of such propaganda.

The German bookshops are not lacking in a certain amount of support for such gloomy anticipation. The flood of race-literature, the abundant guides to one's ancestry—a much-displayed pamphlet is entitled, "Who was your grandfather?"—the numerous books on all the aspects of the National Socialist programme leave little room for humanities. Two particularly prominent works are the new edition of Hans Grimm's monumental novel, "Volk ohne Raum" (The Nation without Space), and Oswald Spengler's latest work, "Im Jahre der Entscheidung" (In the Year of Decision). The first, which was published in 1926, gives an account of German settlers in South Africa from before the Boer War onwards. It is based on close first-hand observations, and it is, in spite of its great length, readable enough. But it is, as its title implies, frankly a plea for German expansion, and the success it has had on republication during the past few months is symptomatic. Herr Spengler's book, too, is in its forty-fourth thousand, and still, a bookseller in Frankfurt asserted, a best-seller. The well-known philosopher of the "Decline of the West" always held, or hoped, that before the end Prussia would get the chance of domination, and he begins with self-complacency and self-congratulation over the most recent developments. He then proceeds to point out, in more sober accents, the hostility which the new German Revolution must excite abroad, and to explain that a new world war is upon us, if it is not already being waged, with economic and financial weapons. The same writer's earlier work, "Preussentum und Sozialismus," has been reprinted and is prominently displayed under the title, "Germany's Revolution Is Not Yet at an End." It is an appeal for the application of what Herr Spengler regards as the only genuine kind of Socialism, that on the Prussian model.

In quantity there seems to be as much literary activity in Germany today as before last March. Outwardly all the chief German reviews and weekly literary supplements are the same; it is when one comes to study their contents that one realizes the wholesale changes in personnel and policy that have taken place. The well-known liberal monthly, the *Neue Rundschau,* which published the early radical Gerhard Hauptmann, and many of the works of Thomas Mann and Arthur Schnitzler, is now acquiescent in the new order of things. The same may be said of all other reviews. Editors of Jewish blood or marked democratic sympathies have quietly withdrawn; the contributions, although not undistinguished in many instances, are noticeably anodyne from the official point of view. The interesting nationalist review, *Die Tat,* which until now has labelled itself boldly "independent," is to have a new editor next month. It will be interesting to see the effect on its policy, for this periodical has successfully combined a general support for National Socialism with intelligence and a detached literary judgment.

The highest distinction in Hungary has been awarded to Ferenc Herczeg, doyen of Hungarian literature. Herczeg is a prolific writer of novels, plays, and stories.

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THE GLORY THAT WAS GREECE

IF only Byron's "History, with all her volumes vast, Hath but one page" were literally true what a grand time would be had by all who wished to get a bird's-eye view of the civilization of mankind. We speak with feeling, having just been trying to draw up a list of books for *E. R. I. of Montreal, Canada,* "who has been doing a great deal of scattered reading in history and would now like to undertake some systematic work in that subject." He wants a program of reading "beginning with Greek and Roman history and with particular emphasis on the history of Europe after the break-up of the Roman Empire." Well, all we can say is that if he really wants us to we can map out a course of reading (after our investigations not out of our previous knowledge) that will keep him at his books with no time off for meals or sleeping for the next year to come. As a matter of fact it wouldn't be so bad to be wrecked on that mythical desert isle with Gibbon and Grote and the Cambridge histories and the rest of the books we are about to recommend, and to be a deposed sovereign incarcerated in a castle like Wilhelmshöhe with them would be enough to put a premium upon defeat. We mention Wilhelmshöhe because as we rambled on an autumn day some years ago through its magnificent park, with the late afternoon sunlight turning the russet colored foliage of its trees into a burnished glory, we wondered what Napoleon III did to pass the time while the Germans held him prisoner there, and we've often wondered since. Now, at any rate, we know what he might have done with profit and pleasure.

E. R. I., we take it, is not to be stumped by the fact that the important histories of classical times are many-volumed. However, just in case he wants to orient himself by making a rapid excursion through ancient history we're including in our list a few briefer works more of the textbook variety. We have a fondness, left over from our schooldays, for Oman's HISTORY OF GREECE (Longmans, Green), which we studied in the one-volume edition. We've hardly looked at it from that day to this, but we pulled it off our self just now, and must confess that even now we found its straightforward account of the battle of Marathon stirring. And we happened to turn the pages to the death of Pericles, and discovered that Oman had included in a volume too brief to hold many anecdotes that dying speech: "I marvel that you so dwell upon and praise these acts of mine. Fortune had her share in them, and many other generals have done more. But you take no notice of what is my real pride, that no Athenian ever wore mourning through me." There's a speech that Herr Hitler might brood upon.

But we're wandering all over the lot, in slang phrase, instead of settling down to presenting E. R. I. with his list. To get back to that and to begin over again with Greece, he will find a useful work in HELLENIC CIVILIZATION (Columbia University Press), by George W. Botsford and Ernest G. Sihler, a volume which is primarily a source book and of course contains bibliographies, and in Botsford's HELLENIC HISTORY (Macmillan), a work less exclusively centered about political events than Oman's. This contains excellent brief bibliographies. The great work on the classical period of Greek history still remains Grote's HISTORY OF GREECE which covers the annals of the country up to the time of Alexander and his contemporaries. Grote, who began his career as a banker and who had been an ardent advocate of the Reform Bill of 1832, entered Parliament after the passage of that measure only to alienate his supporters by his advanced liberalism. He thereupon retired, and devoted his time entirely to study and to carrying out the project he had conceived some years before for a history of ancient Greece which should be an exposition and defense of democracy. The work which resulted has been called "a Liberal pamphlet in ten volumes," and has, of course, been reprinted time and again. It is available in ten volumes in the Everyman's Library series. Indispensable, of course, for the period covered by Grote, as well as for the later history of Greece, are the volumes of THE CAMBRIDGE ANCIENT HISTORY (Macmillan), edited by J. B. Bury, S. A. Cook, and F. E. Adcock. These carry the story from B. C. 478 to A. D. 325 and have excellent maps and plans and extensive bibliographies.

If E. R. I. wants to take time off occasionally from these more exhaustive works to read some interesting volumes which will supplement them he will find delightful entertainment in Mahaffy's SOCIAL LIFE IN GREECE FROM HOMER TO MENANDER (Macmillan), G. Lowes Dickinson's THE GREEK VIEW OF LIFE, and Gilbert Murray's HISTORY OF ANCIENT GREEK LITERATURE (Appleton). And why not seize the excuse to read T. E. Lawrence's translation of the ODYSSEY and some of Gilbert Murray's translations of the Greek plays (Oxford University Press)? Unless, of course, E. R. I. can read them in the original which we can't.

THE GRANDEUR THAT WAS ROME

Now for Rome. Here again the CAMBRIDGE ANCIENT HISTORIES (Macmillan) will furnish not only admirable and authoritative discussion, but maps, plans, and bibliographies. If, as we suggested before, a brief history is desired merely as a sort of preliminary survey, a satisfactory one will be found in Tenney Frank's HISTORY OF ROME (Holt) which goes down to the death of Constantine with a short summary of the following century. This is the work of an excellent scholar and is at once comprehensive, authoritative, and readable. Gibbon's THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE, one of the great works of history, which traces the continuation of the Roman Emipre from the middle of the fifth century to the fall of Constantine, like good wine needs no bush. It is available in numerous editions, among others the inexpensive issues of Everyman's Library (Dutton) and the World's Classics Series (Oxford University Press). European history after the break-up of the Empire can be followed—well, it's almost getting automatic, this citing of Cambridge Histories—in the CAMBRIDGE MEDIÆVAL HISTORY (Macmillan) of which Vol. I covers the Christian Roman Empire. Vol. II, the Rise of the Saracens, Vol. III, Germany and Western Europe, and Vol. IV, The Eastern Roman Empire. One volume works on the mediæval period that are of the highest scholarship are Ephraim Emerton's MEDIÆVAL EUROPE (Ginn), which places special emphasis on the Empire and the Papacy, and George B. Adams's CIVILIZATION DURING THE MIDDLE AGES (Scribners).

There! We've brought E. R. I. down to modern times, and for the time being we think we'd better leave him there. If we don't we won't be able to tackle any other inquiry but his this week. We've got our references for the history of Europe down to the present all prepared, and we'll finish E. R. I.'s list for him before long.

A THANKSGIVING CELEBRATION

From war and all its deeds of carnage we turn to youth and school celebrations. *B. S. of Jersey Cty, N. J.,* writes us that she wants a Thanksgiving program for her class in school which is inexpensive and easy to produce. Perhaps she will find what she wishes in THAKSGIVING FOR ALL (Dramatic Publishing Co.), by Julian Lee and Elwyn Swarthout, which contains some plays, dialogues, and pageants. One of these, THE THANKSGIVING MYSTERY, gives opportunity to seven characters and is brief enough to permit of something else being added to the evening's entertainment. PLYMOUTH'S FIRST THANKSGIVING (Boston: Baker) contains three plays, and there is a Pilgrim pageant by Annie Russell Marble entitled FAITH OF OUR FATHERS (New York: Playground and Recreation Association of America). This last, which presents the story of the coming of the Pilgrims from Holland and England, would give a chance to a large group of children, for it introduces a great number of characters, among them Indians. If B. S.'s school would be content with a celebration which befits the season even if it is not strictly devoted to Thanksgiving, it might find something to its liking in Marion Holbrook's HARVEST FESTIVAL (New York: National Recreation Service) into which all kinds of dances are introduced but which has no dialogue. Faith Van Valkenburg's THE THREE THANKSGIVINGS (National Recreation Association) contains thirty or forty characters, some of them allegorical. None of the books we have mentioned costs more than forty cents.

A NOVEL

"Of rare distinction"

Lewis Gannett in *N. Y. Herald Tribune.*

By HELEN WADDELL

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PETER ABELARD

"As moving as a good poem. It is a great story as always, and it is superbly told by Miss Waddell."—*John Chamberlain, New York Times.*

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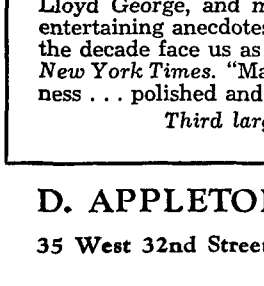

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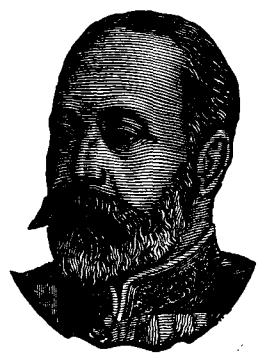

Says The New York Times *in a front-page feature Review*

THE EDWARDIAN ERA

By André Maurois

THE author of "DISRAELI" has brought his abundant genius and scholarship to this fascinating study of a period when England was moving rapidly out of the vaunted "splendid isolation" of Victorian days and adopting new ways in politics, manners, religion, literature and life. The chief figure is, of course, King Edward, but through the narrative is presented a gallery of amazingly clear-cut portraits of the famous statesmen and leaders who shared in the drama—the Kaiser, Salisbury, Joseph Chamberlain, Balfour, Delcasse, Grey, Haldane, Asquith, Lloyd George, and many others. Maurois fills his story with entertaining anecdotes and dramatic events. "The personages of the decade face us as in life they faced their contemporaries."—*New York Times.* "Maurois tells the story with charm and astuteness . . . polished and witty prose."—*New York Herald Tribune.*

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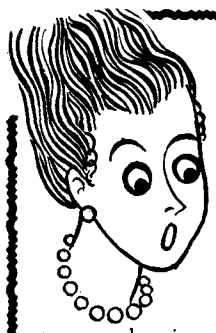

SHE FOLLOWS

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The DOCTOR'S FIRST MURDER

By ROBERT HARE

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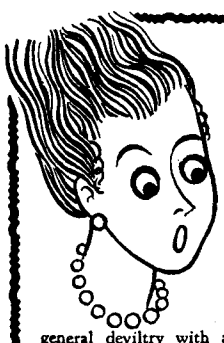

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SHE FOLLOWS

The N. Y. Evening Post:

"Snared in a crime he meant to commit, the doctor found himself urged on to solve it. Rich experience. Writing: Skilful. Rating: First Division."

The DOCTOR'S FIRST MURDER

By ROBERT HARE

Author of "The Crime in the Crystal"

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The New Books

Fiction

THE WAY BEYOND. By Jeffery Farnol. Little, Brown. 1933. $2.50.

It is said that when Dumas the elder was writing "Le Vicomte de Bragelonne," of which the nominal hero is the son of Athos, Comte de la Fère, some one asked him how he could devise a fresh plot. "That is easy," said Dumas. "Everything that happened to the count will happen to the viscount." The story either is apocryphal or ought to be, for it does no justice to the gorgeous variety of the d'Artagnan cycle; but it might very well be told of "The Way Beyond." This is a sequel, some twenty years after, to "The Broad Highway"; its hero is Richard Vibart, the son of Peter Vibart who was the hero of "The Broad Highway"; and *mutatis* a very few *mutandis*, everything that happened to Peter happens to Richard. At the beginning of "The Broad Highway," Peter Vibart, being a poor relation of the head of the house, went out to seek his fortune, and in the course of his adventures chivalrously shouldered the guilt of murder to shield the woman he loved; at the beginning of "The Way Beyond," Richard Vibart, being the eldest son of the head of the house, first chivalrously shoulders the guilt of murder to shield the woman he loves, and then goes out to seek his fortune.

He finds the usual collection of fist-fights, strong ale, philosophic countrymen, kerseymere breeches, and all the Borrow's plumes that deck Mr. Farnol's somewhat footlighted Merrie England. If it is not, as none of its author's later books is, the equal in unforced freshness of "The Broad Highway," still, it is the equal of most of his later work. There is nothing more to say about this except that it is Mr. Farnol at his average, and all novel-readers must know by now if they like Mr. Farnol. B. D.

MADAME CLAPAIN. By Edouard Estaunié. Appleton-Century. $2.50.

Edouard Estaunié goes straight to the provinces for his material. "Madame Clapain" starts with a portrayal of the two Cadifon sisters living in their house on St. Martin's Square, Langres, self-satisfied bourgeois of the sort that Henri Rousseau sometimes painted. The book is a hybrid. At first it is realistic, and though the style is florid, things are presented without disguise. The author has a tender indulgence for the two sisters of her story and he seems really to know all about them. One is prepared for the best. Then Madame Clapain, who rents a room from the sisters is introduced, and the emphasis begins to change. The novel after a time becomes only a rather superior kind of mystery story with its stress not on Ursula and Ida, but on the identity of Madame Clapain and her reasons for committing suicide.

It seems clear that Ida, foolish, romantic soul, was intended by her creator to be the center of his tale. But if a psychological novel was M. Estaunié's intention, "Madame Clapain" is a failure; Ida really seems little more than a convenient device for telling a mystery story with an unhappily sentimental ending. N. E.

SHOAL WATER. By George S. Chappell. Putnam. 1933. $2.

Mr. Chappell's first novel is a swift panorama of American life through a quarter of a century, as it might be reflected in the career and impressions of a better citizen. The figure of Jim Mellor, this rather model hero, gives the book its only unity. As a boy in a New England town of the nineties, Jim played Indian and Robin Hood with his cronies in the Harborton gang, but dreamed to himself of being someday a great painter. When a visiting architect took his faltering efforts toward art seriously, Jim's parents bundled the boy off as a verdant freshman for four memorable years at Yale. Mr. Chappell writes of his Alma Mater with the affectionate enthusiasm of an Old Grad. Mory's is there, and Tuttle's, and the songs of Old Eli, and Tap-Day, and Bones, and Billy Phelps, and half a hundred other landmarks familiar to Yale men for years. Paris follows, a gay interlude of Vie de Bohème, but at last Jim pulls himself rather obviously together, marries the girl back home, and settles down as a successful architect.

The plot—or the chronicle, rather—is made to order and doesn't matter. Mr. Chappell is too robust an optimist to take his hero's pitfalls seriously. He is interested in the picture of life around him, and here he is warmly reminiscent, frankly autobiographical. The book amounts to mild, happy ramblings through a plethora of cherished details. Jim is essentially "one of the boys." It is pleasant fare for the ladies, the sentimentalists, and the sons of Old Eli. R. W.

International

LAND AND LABOUR IN CHINA. By R. H. Tawney. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.

This book is an interpretation of Chinese agriculture and industrial status by one who is eminently fitted for the task. Professor Tawney was selected by The Institute of Pacific Relations to interpret these conditions in contrast with those of Europe at the beginning of the Industrial Revolution. His volume is ample proof of the ability of a man of established reputation in his own field to go to a country like China as a newcomer and still make a unique contribution to a better understanding of its economic problems.

After an introductory chapter of background material designed to orientate the reader, Professor Tawney devotes the greater part of his discussion to economic and social problems, chiefly because he believes these problems are among those where the greatest progress can be made,

(*Continued on page* 246)

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE FACE OF THE MAN FROM SATURN *Harry Stephen Keeler* (Dutton: $2.)	Reporter, on "hot tip," finds murdered man and strange picture, with eyes missing.	More to the point than most recent Keeler yarns, though fantasy once intrudes and holds up action.	Readable
RED RHAPSODY *Cortland Fitzsimmons* (Stokes: $2.)	Sixteen people, mostly nasty, at party in house with ha'nt. Pianist in darkened room is slain, and fun begins.	Many murders, weird atmosphere, and good talk make diverting yarn. Sleuthing adequate—though crime practically solves itself.	Good
DR. THORNDYKE INTERVENES *R. Austin Freeman* (Dodd, Mead: $2)	Human head in London check-room involved with American's claim to British title. Thorndyke gets out his test-tubes.	Usual Freeman double-plotting weakened by coincidences, but Dr. Thorndyke is at his best. Don't fall for obvious clues.	Very good
THE CASE OF COLONEL MARCHAND *E. C. R. Lorac* (Macaulay: $2)	Gay old boy found poisoned after tête-à-tête with lovely lady. Inspector MacDonald does the unravelling.	Well developed, pleasantly written and frequently exciting yarn of elusive murderer and his one false step.	Excellent
THE EX-DETECTIVE *E. Phillips Oppenheim* (Little Brown: $2)	Scotland Yard methods cramp Mr. Gossett's style so he goes on his own, and terrorizes evil-doers.	Fluent, but very slight, series of connected yarns, probably tossed off between two of Mr. O.'s 83 major works.	Fluff

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF MARCH 3, 1933,

Of *The Saturday Review of Literature*, published weekly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1933.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Noble A. Cathcart, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of *The Saturday Review of Literature*, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Saturday Review Co., Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; Editor, Henry S. Canby, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Noble A. Cathcart, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) The Saturday Review Co., Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; William Rose Benét 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; Henry S. Canby, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; Noble A. Cathcart, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; Amy Loveman, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; Christopher, Morley, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; E. T. Sanders, 23 Wall Street, New York, N. Y..

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

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(Signed) NOBLE A. CATHCART,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18th day of October, 1933. Charles E. Brindley, Notary Public, New York City, New York County Clerk's No. 243. New York County Register's No. 5B364. Commission Expires March 30, 1934.

PERSONALS

***ADVERTISEMENTS** will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). Rates: 7 cents per word. Address Personal Dept. Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.*

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN invited to lecture, dance and card games every Saturday 8 P.M. Admission 50c. Culture Circle, R 812 Steinway Hall.

FOR SALE: Old established, profitable, book, stationery, gift, toy and novelty business. Located up state. Requires about $10,000. Box 261.

WEALTHY woman can immortalize and perpetuate her name (method—fascinating, Quixotic) by making immediate appointment with Box C.

DOES THERE exist a single (numerically and maritally) intelligent, vigorous man, 50-60 years old, who would honestly PREFER the friendship of a New England woman about the same age, to that of one young enough to be his daughter? I am young in appearance (not fat) and spirit. Love music, books, travel and walking. Perfectly sound in wind and limb, vigorous, alive. Wish friendship of man of good appearance, having same characteristics and tastes. Must be well bred. No down and outers. Box 309.

NEW YORK "Get Acquainted" clubs organizing. Dances, bridge, excursions, etc. Character references required. Unmarried girls 18-35, unmarried men 18-40. Write for Application Blank. Ashleigh Halliwell, 468 Fourth Avenue, New York.

WEST lonesome too. Is there a REAL man, unmarried, 36 to 40, in or near San Francisco, interested in good theatres, scent of the woods, feel of the trail—and correspondence, possibly companionship, with like-minded woman? Wood B.

GENTLEMAN looking for male companion for inexpensive nomadic travel, share expense. Are you interested? Nomad.

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News from the States

What the SATURDAY REVIEW *most desires for this department is the pithy paragraph upon some significant matter, whether in relation to author's activities, bookselling activities and problems, the trend of reading in a particular territory, or allied matters. Booksellers' anecdotes will be welcomed. It is our aim to furnish a bird's-eye view of reading and writing America which will prove valuable both to our subscribers and to the book world at large. We hope that our subscribers will submit items from time to time.*

MARYLAND

That redoubtable opponent of American virescences, *H. L. Mencken*, has returned to the Free State, leaving his ten-year old youngster, *The American Mercury*, to the care of *Henry Hazlitt*. By early November, Mr. Mencken hopes to finish his work for the *Mercury* and to be free to tackle a new book. If all goes well, it should be ready for Spring publication. It is a sort of companion volume to his "Treatise on the Gods" and will probably be called "Treatise on Right and Wrong."

When it is finished, he proposes to seek a little holiday, and upon his return will undertake a smaller volume to be called "Advice to Young Men." When that work is finished, he hopes to begin an extensive revision of "The American Language." An immense amount of new material has accumulated since the last edition, and the new one will probably run to two volumes.

It is good, writes our correspondent *Mr. Berry Barcuse*, to welcome *Mr. Mencken* back to Baltimore as a "private" author. He will continue, however, to publish random articles in the Baltimore *Sun*, as has been his wont for some time. Readers of the *Mercury* may also look forward to articles by him from time to time.

October saw the beginning of several lecture courses by famous literary personages in Maryland. *Abbé Ernest Dimnet*, Canon of the Cambria Cathedral, France, inaugurated the formal lecture series at Goucher College for Women when he spoke October 31st on "Feasts of the Mind." *Abbé Dimnet* was last heard in this state when he delivered a lecture on Charlotte Brontë at Notre Dame College of Maryland.

Johns Hopkins University, under the auspices of the Percy Turnbull Memorial Lectureship, presents for its thirtieth season a series of four lectures on English poetry from the Heroic Age to the Age of Chaucer by *R. W. Chambers*, professor of English language and literature, University College, London.

Miss Katherine Bregy, Philadelphian author, spoke at Mount St. Agnes Junior College and High School, Mount Washington, on the three New England poetesses, Emily Dickinson, Louise Guiney, and Amy Lowell.

The country lanes and Bay waters of the state are frequently traversed by *President Roosevelt* and his household, by automobile and aboard the White House yacht, *Sequoia*. Among the several books regarding the beauties of Tidewater Maryland, Swepson Earle's "The Chesapeake Bay Country" has been added to the *Sequoia* library. Mr. Earle's book recounts much of the older history of the Tidewater section which is of special interest now as the tercentenary of the state will be celebrated next year.

The best wishes of Baltimore book lovers go to the Norman Remington Co. of North Charles St., who have recently reorganized as a farewell to depression. On the walls of the stairway to the basement floor of the bookstore is a collection of authors' photographs, the result of many years' acquaintance with writers; more than a score in number, they remind the book buyer of the fine books he has not yet read.

Miss Letitia Stockett's "Baltimore: A Not Too Serious History," was published several years ago by the Norman Remington Co. in a limited edition, and that delightful book is still so much in demand that library borrowers must wait several weeks before their applications can be filled. No book in the Baltimore library system is so sought after.

VERMONT

The annual Bread Loaf Writers' Conference, sponsored by Middlebury College, has steadily increased in celebrity and importance during the several years of its existence. We are fortunate in having received a comprehensive report on the activities of this year's session. Our correspondent writes:

Sinclair Lewis paid a surprise visit to the Writers' Conference at Bread Loaf on the last day of the annual session, and submitted himself to miscellaneous questioning by Conference members and by the staff. He declared that writing is a profoundly lonely occupation, that no one can teach the writer how his work is to be done, but that he must fight the battle out by himself unaided. The genial staff of assorted writers, teachers, and critics beamed with approval and sympathy, although they had been laboring valiantly for two weeks to impart some conception of the main branches of writing and had given themselves earnestly to the criticism of manuscript stories, novels, plays, poems, articles, textbooks, volumes for children, and other literary wares brought to Bread Loaf for discussion and advice.

With all allowance for the truth of *Mr. Lewis's* observations, it would have been difficult to persuade most of the Conference members that they had not received definite and practical help during their stay. They listened to *Edith Mirrielees* expounding the modes and methods of the short story; they heard *Bernard De Voto* and *Janet Ayer Fairbank* on the novel, *Robert Hillyer* on the art of verse, *Walter Prichard Eaton* on the writing of articles and plays; they attended the daily round-table discussions with inexhaustible appetite. And they suffered at least such powerful delusions of being enlightened, stimulated, and helped that they went home confident of rapidly maturing in their chosen branches of the literary profession. Personal interviews with staff members for individual discussion of manuscripts confirmed their belief in Bread Loaf as a place where honest criticism by qualified judges may be secured and found genuinely useful.

A practical feature of considerable success introduced during this year's session was the appointment of a Publication Adviser. *Raymond Everitt*, by extensive knowledge gained during a versatile career as book salesman, editor, and literary agent here and abroad, proved himself admirably fitted for this post. He presented the Conference with able and expert analysis of rights, contracts, magazine and book markets, and the innumerable ways, general and special, of bringing literary wares to print. *Mr. Everitt* also discussed with individual writers the publishing possibilities of selected manuscripts.

Nor was the term lacking in general intellectual fare and entertainment of a kind appropriate to a Writers' Conference. The lectures of *Gorham B. Munson*, in his official role of Roving Critic, made a lasting impression by the penetration and wit with which they surveyed current writers and movements, and by *Mr. Munson's* devotion to a high conception of the critical office. *Mr. De Voto, Miss Mirrielees, Mr. Eaton,* and *Mr. Lewis* expounded views of the literary life, meaning the life of one who wholly or partly supports himself by writing, or who simply writes anyway; and their observations constituted a kind of informal and sporadic debate not without good-natured but sharp differences of attitude. Two visiting speakers, *Edward Weeks* of the Atlantic Monthly Press, and *Archibald MacLeish* of *Fortune* and the Pulitzer Prize, made pleasant and memorable occasions of the evenings on which they appeared. *Mr. Weeks* topped off his paper of editorial advice, explanation, and reminiscence with a monologue representing a British lecturer on modern verse. *Mr. MacLeish* read a considered paper in defense of the poet's position as poet, and against the attempt to impose upon him the obligation of sacrificing his poetry to social struggle or propaganda; and then, less inconsistently than it might well appear, he read "Frescoes for Mr. Rockefeller's City." For he read the "Frescoes" *con amore*, and those who heard him, it is fair to say, heard an inspired performance, not soon or easily to be forgotten; and they knew that for the occasion at least they were undergoing the experience of poetry.

An unconventional Academy, where study is pleasant and enthusiastic, professionally conceived and directed, but by people who know and love literature and cherish respect for its best fruits; such is the impression which the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference may well leave with those who have attended it.

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The New Books

(*Continued from page 244*)

especially in the more immediate future. He rightly shows how similar industry is in most of China to that of Europe before its Industrial Revolution, deploring the fact that so much discussion has been given to large scale industry in China when the small scale industry deserves the greater attention. His last chapter on politics and education is a frank discussion of China's political and educational problems. Throughout the book Professor Tawney has shown his keen insight into the actual agricultural and industrial problems of China. Because of the correctness of his interpretation and the excellent quality of the writing itself, this description of China's agriculture and industry will prove extremely helpful to all those who have a desire to understand China better from an economic, political, and administrative viewpoint. J. L. B.

Brief Mention

Three little books which should be noted this week are MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, by Eric Linklater, the brilliant author of JUAN IN AMERICA (Appleton-Century, $1.50), a little study of LUDWIG LEWISOHN by Adolph Gillis (Duffield, $1.50), and a compact, convenient, and well written brief history of AMERICAN LITERATURE, by Stanley T. Williams whose standing as a scholar gives his summary an authority which other attempts to condense the history of American literature have not always possessed (Lippincott, $1). * * * A very useful book in a field which has not hitherto been represented in English is THE TURKISH THEATRE, by Nicholas N. Martinovitch. This little book deals only with the popular drama of the Turks, which happens to be their only real contribution to dramatic literature. The book contains not merely a historical sketch but also transcripts of characteristic plays with pictures of the performers in costumes (New York, Theatre Arts Inc., $3). * * * From the Princeton University Press comes an INTRODUCTION TO THE READING OF THE OLD TESTAMENT, by Duncan Black MacDonald. This is not a systematic treatise but rather an attempt to indicate a new way of regarding the mass of Biblical reading "which may be found fresh and full of meaning" ($2.50).

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Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞From the *Art Digest* (always interesting) Poor Old Quercus learns the interesting item that when Grant Wood was doing his now famous painting "American Gothic" (which shows a very grim Iowa farmer and his wife) he had much difficulty in finding any citizens of Cedar Rapids who looked stern enough for his purpose. He finally induced his sister and the local dentist to pose. Now we understand why the farmer with the pitchfork in that painting looks so ominous—the fork is really a dentist's prong.

☞Recent additions to the list of those using the *Saturday Review* "Gold Standard" (a display-stand which exhibits copies of this magazine and a book also) are:—

Baker Memorial Library, Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H. (now use two).
Woodruff Memorial Library, La Junta, Col.
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☞Booksellers or any other zealots interested in knowing about the Gold Standard magazine rack may (and do) correspond with Mr. Louis Greenfield, c/o the *Saturday Review.* ☞R. Biemiller writes from Brooklyn Heights that "Argosy Book Store deserves a good word for its excellent grouping of books by subjects and posting legible signs; also alphabetically by authors. Alfred Goldsmith also has subject divisions that make book hunting a pleasure." ☞Upper West Side reports that Mr. O'Malley's famous second-hand store on Columbus Avenue is now most comfortably settled into its new quarters (312 Columbus Avenue, near 75th Street) and the old gang of evening browsers who enjoy leisurely book palaver with The O'Malley Himself have beaten a trail thither. Mr. O'Malley is now sending out a catalogue listing many desirable titles in American Biography and Lives of Authors. ☞From Oxford, North Carolina, Mrs. B. K. H. writes charmingly to congratulate the Quercuses on the initiation of Quercus Tertius. "Our civilization needs both Bread and Quercuses," she says.

☞Our old friend H. L., of Houghton Mifflin's San Francisco office, writes to tell us of the new novel by Eugene Manlove Rhodes. He says:—

> Just a few minutes ago I was having a glass of beer in the bar downstairs, and my mind went back, 20 years ago, to the old Crawford House in Scally Square in Boston, when you took me to dinner, one night during the Xmas holidays when both you and I were extra clerks in the Old Corner Bookstore, and I had my first glass of beer than. Honest, P. .E. G., I'll admit it.
>
> I wonder if you have ever read any of Eugene Manlove Rhodes' books? There are not many, as he is one writer, who doesn't crowd the market.
>
> Rhodes is a real old timer. He came to the West as a boy and went through the ropes, cowpuncher, ranchman, and then writer. On the map of New Mexico, you will see a legend, "Rhodes Pass," marking a road that Gene Rhodes built with his own hands, his own tools and with dynamite he paid for himself. All his stories are yarns about men and events that he himself took a part in. In one of them he mentioned Elfrego Baca, the famous character of Albuquerque, and Elfrego served notice on him that he had better pack his gun because he, Elfrego, would use his the next time they met.
>
> You can rarely find a copy or Rhodes' books in a second hand store, and you will find them in the rare book sections of bookstores in the West. If you have never read his *West Is West*, let me know and I will send you a copy, as I have two or three. I buy up any that I happen to see in stores that have been hidden away for years.
>
> Now here is the reason for this letter. After five years we have another story that we are publishing October 25th, *Trusty Knaves.* If we can get some of the Eastern literary men to become acquainted with Rhodes' stuff, it will be an urge for him to do more, and it will mean a great deal to the literature of the West to have him put down his tales. Many persons have told me that his books will be read generations hence, when many of the other Western Pulp writers are gone and forgotten. I have one book, not yet published, in mind for which I have been fighting him 8 years, his own biography. Mary Austin, Alice Corbin Henderson, Dana Johnson, and other writers of the Southwest who know him, have all assisted me in trying to get it out of him. Gov. Dillon of New Mexico issued an official state proclamation demanding that he write the book.

☞Mr. John Bennett of Charleston, apparently wondering why advertisers do not more frequently resort to literature for their ideas, supplies the accompanying silhouette to illustrate the proposition that

steady smokers turn to camels. The figure on the left is Peter Wimsey, Dorothy Sayers's Wodehousean detective; and Mr. Bennett refers us to a quotation from page 29 of the Wimsey story, *The Image in the Mirror.*

☞In the absence of a more experienced crusader, *Trade Winds* will take upon itself a campaign to supply Simon and Schuster with a photograph of Ogden Nash which will (a) do more justice to Mr. Nash than the one they are using, and (b) bear less resemblance to a photograph on one of those Men Wanted circulars they display in post-offices. The next time Mr. Nash comes to New York, we'll send Quercus Tertius out to meet him with a Brownie.

☞Old Quercus was much interested by the grapevine rumor that the Nobel Prize for Literature might be awarded to Finland's novelist Sillanpaa, author of *The Maid Silja*, a very beautiful story (to be published here by Macmillan on November 8). ☞But aiblins this rumor is not more accurate than some columnist's (was it Walter Winchell's?) recent announcement as to what book was going to be picked by the Book of the Month Club. He was wrong. ☞An A. P. report from Baltimore says that James Boyd (whose historical novels *Drums* and *Marching on* were much admired by Old Quercus) thinks "it will be a long time before America will have an A-1 novel written around the American of today" (the phraseology is the A. P.'s, not Mr. Boyd's). This is a rather sombre view; we have a queer feeling that just such a novel might pop out any minute. ☞We were specially interested to note that Aline Bernstein, the distinguished scenic designer, is about to publish a book of stories—*Three Blue Suits* (Equinox Cooperative Press). Few of her admirers know that Aline Bernstein was first christened "Hazel Kirke," after the famous melodrama by Steele MacKaye. Her most recent stage set is that of Jean Ferguson Black's dramatization of *Thunder on the Left.*

☞Quercus Tertius, who gets around in the Trade, has brought in the following authenticated report. A customer of a large New York bookstore came in and asked for one of the free catalogues the store distributes. "Thank you so much," she said on receiving it; "when I have this I feel that I don't need to read any books."

☞Tertius reports further that Miss Ellen Ennis of the Lord and Taylor Book shop has sold 50 copies of Vera Brittain's *Testament of Youth* by personal recommendation to her clientèle. She says it's a great book.

The New York novel which William Soskin and many others are recommending as 'an invigorating experience,' in a tensely exciting story of Park Ave., Wall St., and Broadway, is *Gilbert W. Gabriel's*

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The absorbing story of a great woman who helped to 'create' another great woman, is *Nella Braddy's* biography of the teacher of Hellen Keller . .

ANNE SULLIVAN MACY

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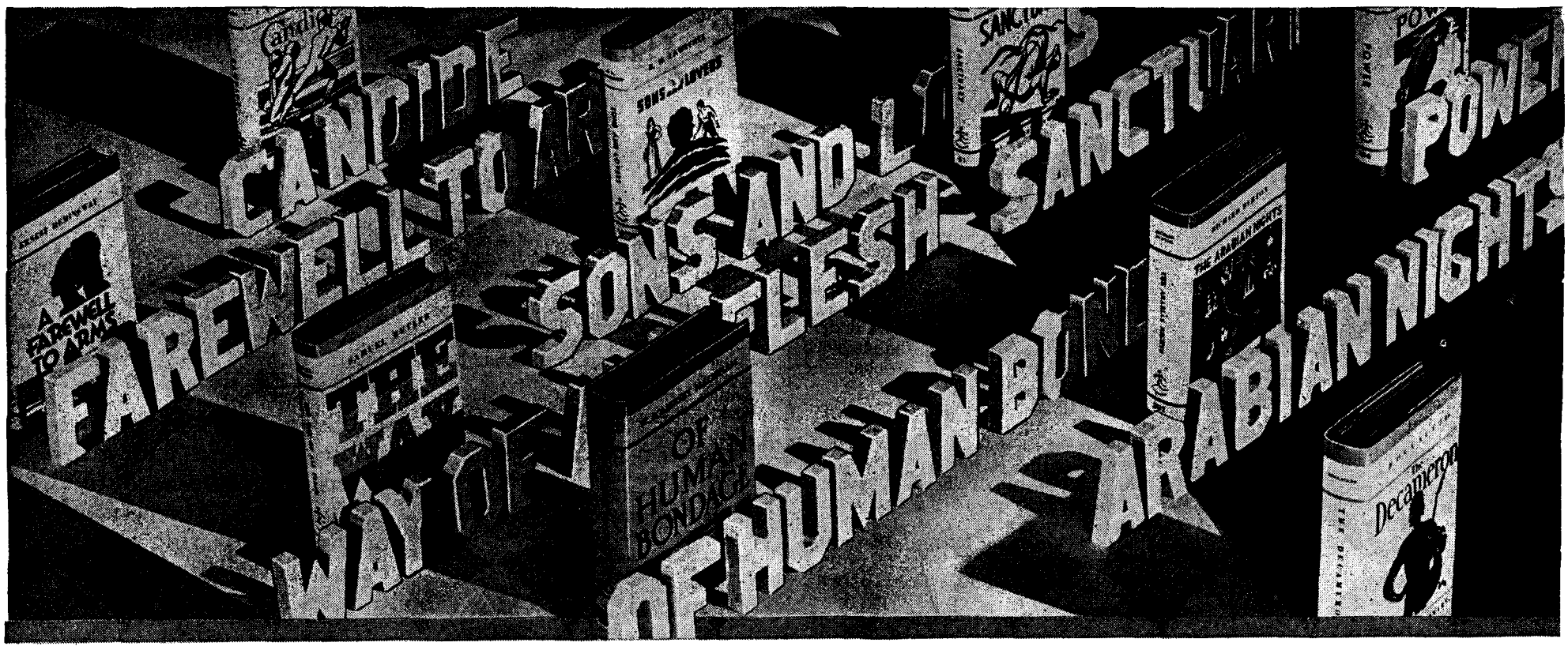

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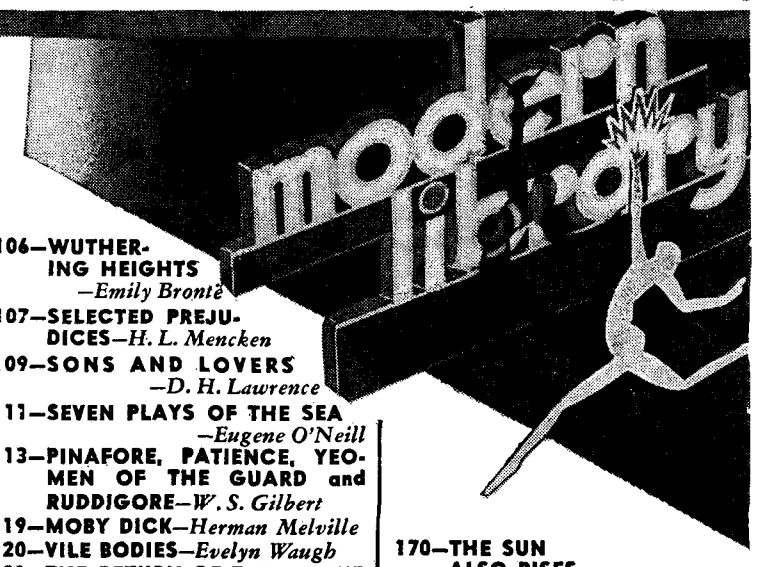

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